CHIMES

SCITUATE HIGH SCHOOL

1942

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CHIMES

JUNE, 1942

SCITUATE HIGH SCHOOL

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Dedication

We wish to dedicate the 1942 "Chimes"
to our friend and adviser,

Miss Bessie M. Dudley

who for many years has helped to make
this year-book a success.

First Row: Miss Harrington, Mr. Wilcox, Miss Giles, Mr. Calkin, Miss Gile, Mr. Gillespie, Miss Vines.
Second Row: Miss Walker, Miss Dudley, Miss Cunneen, Mr. Samuelson, Mr. Stewart, Mr. Atkinson, Mr. Sandberg, Miss Hawkes, Miss Maxim, Miss Kingsbury.

THE FACULTY

Frederick A. Calkin, B.S., Ed.M.	*Principal*
Michael B. Gillespie, B.S., M.A.	*Sub-Master, Mathematics*
C. O. Atkinson, B.S.	*Economics, Commercial Subjects, Mathematics*
Anne L. Cunneen, Hyannis Teachers College	*English*
Bessie M. Dudley, A.B.	*English*
Eleanor Gile, A.B.	*English, History*
Elizabeth Giles, B.S. in Ed.	*Civics, History, Penmanship*
Esther M. Harrington, A.B., Ed.M.	*Latin, French*
Ruth E. Hawkes, B.S.	*Commercial Subjects*
Mary S. Kingsbury, B.S.	*Household Arts*
Dorothy L. Maxim, B.S. in Ed.	*Geography, Hygiene*
Doris M. Rowell, B.S. in Ed., Certificate of Painting	*Art*
John Samuelson, Mus.B., Ed.M.	*Music, Mathematics, Science*
Nels H. Sandberg, Training School for Teachers of Mechanic Arts	*Practical Arts*
Edward L. Stewart, A.B.	*Latin, Biology, Physical Training*
Virginia Vines, B.S. in Phys. Ed.	*Physical Training, History*
Clare Walker, B.S.	*Mathematics, Science*
Erroll K. Wilcox, B.S.	*Science, Chemistry*

First Row: M. Hattin, J. Brown, A. Barnes, J. Cole, J. Merrill
Second Row: A. Milliken, N. Davis, S. Whitcombe, B. Hattin, R. Arcana, M. Mansfield, V. Barrett, V. Heffernan, G. Bonomi, A. Butler, P. Norton, K. Brown, E. Kane
Third Row: T. Butler, F. Hall, D. Bates, I. Jacobson, V. Dubois, W. Holland, O. Gould, R. Damon, J. Cahir, B. Murphy, M. Quinn, G. Ellms, M. Evans, T. Holland

CHIMES STAFF

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Abbie Barnes

Assistant Editors

Jeane Merrill Marjorie Hattin

Business Manager

Julia Brown

Literary Editors

Elizabeth Kane Barbara Murphy
Polly Norton

Art Editors

Dorothy Bates Gladys Ellms
Mary Ann Evans

Dramatic Editors

Bette Hattin Irene Jacobson

Assistant Business Managers

Rita Arcana Virginia Dubois
Frank Hall Theodore Holland

Sports Editors

Joan Cole Gloria Bonomi
Richard Damon

Exchange Editor

Jerry Cahir

Joke Editors

Maria Mansfield Mary Quinn

Class Editors

Class of 1942	William Holland	7A	Terry Butler
Class of 1943	Audrey Barrett	7B	Annette Milliken
Class of 1944	Nancy Davis, Virginia Heffernan	8A	Stephen Jenney
Class of 1945	Ann Butler, Kathleen Brown	8B	Sally Whitcomb

Roll of Honor

We are proud of the many boys, formerly of this school, who are now in the armed service of the United States.

The "Chimes" wishes to pay tribute to them in the following roll of honor. Although this list may be incomplete, our good wishes extend to all who are in the service of our country.

Abbott, Chase
Andrews, Alan
Andrews, Gordon
Barber, Sydney
Barry, Joseph
Cole, Elliot
Colman, Charles
Crowley, Jerome
Curran, William
Damon, Arthur
Driscoll, John
Duffey, James
Duffey, William
Duval, Henry
Dwyer, Fred
Dwyer, George
Dwyer, Vincent
Ewell, Robert
Ewell, Thomas
Fallon, John
Finnie, Alden
Fleming, Richard
Fleming, Robert
Flaherty, George
Foniri, Angelo
Friese, Herbert
Gillis, Alvin
Gillis, Raymond
Gowen, Wallace
Graham, Harold
Harrigan, John
Harrigan, Paul
Harrigan, Thomas
Hendrickson, William
Herbert, James
Hooper, Edward
Hunter, Robert
Jenkins, Richard
Lapham, Edward
Lavoine, Joseph
Lumbert, Allyn
McDonald, Richard
Mahoney, Alfred
Mahoney, William
McAlpine, Arthur
McAlpine, William
McLean, Joseph
McCormack, Robert
Morton, Jackson
Nichols, Edward
O'Connor, James
Queeney, Daniel
Secor, George
Sexton, Joseph
Sexton, William
Spear, Arthur
Spear, Francis
Stanley, Francis
Studley, Irving
Toomey, Harold
Turner, Robert
Vinal, Frank
Vinal, George
Vinal, John
Vinal, Henry
Vines, Wesley
White, John
Withem, Sidney
Wilbur, Frank
Whittaker, George
Whittaker, Robert
Zollin, Albert
Zucker, Raymond

SENIOR CLASS NEWS

William Holland, '42

ON September 8, 1941 we began our last year of school. Our class of little over sixty members was increased by four more: Stuart Hanckel from Scotia High School, Scotia, New York, a two-year man in track and football: Jean Anderson from Weymouth High; Betty Bournazos from Somerville High School; and Marion Stoddard from Roslindale High School.

October 6, the class welcomed Gladys Ellms back after a two years' absence, during which she was enrolled in Riverside High School, Riverside, California.

In our class meeting September 17, 1941, the following class officers were elected: Everett Dorr, president; George Bresnahan, vice-president; Jerry Cahir, secretary; and William Holland, treasurer. Mr. Stewart was chosen as class adviser.

The football season got underway and ten seniors made the team. "Evie" Dorr wound up four years of excellent football playing by guiding the team through an undefeated and untied season.

Our Senior Social on October 25 wasn't very successful financially, but everyone who went enjoyed the dance. The committee consisted of Jane Whittaker, Dick Barnard, William Holland, Jerry Cahir, "Evie" Dorr and Tom Calkin.

Basketball season rolled around and the seniors became the backbone of the team. Five senior boys and four girls received letters.

The following seniors' names have appeared on the honor roll this year: William Ayer, Abbie Barnes, John Brown, Gladys Ellms, Richard Franzen, Edward Gilchrist, Bette Hattin, James Hill, William Holland, Barbara Murphy, Maribeth Norton, Warren Sylvester and George Williams. Receiving honorable mention were Tom Calkin, Josephine Thatcher, Joan Cole, Everett Dorr, Richard Damon, Stuart Hanckel and Cecceline Stetson.

Abbie Barnes and William Holland, who took the Tufts Scholarship Examination at Tufts College on March 7, 1942, were both fortunate enough to be among the 150 chosen from 1200 participants for further consideration.

Gladys Ellms was chosen by the class and the faculty as the winner of the "Good Citizenship Award" which is given annually by the Daughters of the American Revolution.

The Senior Class Play, "Tish," was presented April 17, 1942. This was an adaptation from one of Mary Roberts Rinehart's famous stories.

Many members of our class are taking part in the civilian defense of this area. William Ayer is in charge of the mobilization of all boys used as runners, couriers, and members of the first aid squad. Edward Gilchrist, William Holland, Edwin Dolan, George Williams and James Hill are deputy air wardens. Jean Anderson is in the Motor Corps. Betty LaVange is a member of the canteen. Richard Barnard, Jerry Cahir, Louis Rouleau, Dick Damon and Richard Mahoney are auxiliary firemen. "Bub" Brown, Tom Calkin and "Evie" Dorr are stretcher bearers at the Medical Center.

The following seniors play in the high school orchestra: Lester Chadbourne, Herbert Bearce, Everett Dorr, Tom Calkin, Warren Sylvester, Barbara Amsden, Jeane Merrill, Robert Vickery, and Harry Sylvester.

We are now preparing for our graduation in June. At our Class Day program, Evie Dorr will give the welcome address; Edward Gilchrist will read the class will; George Williams, the history; Jean McKenzie, the class prophecy; Gloria McCaffrey and Richard Damon will present the class gifts; and Tom Calkin will be the speaker at the planting of the Class Tree. At our Graduation Day exercises on June 19, Everett Dorr will also give the welcoming address.

Many of us realize that the four best years of our lives are behind us. Some of us will go to college; others to work; and many will enlist in some branch of the armed forces of our country. Wherever we go, whatever we do, we hope to give such a good account of ourselves that Scituate High School will always be proud of the Class of 1942.

THE THRESHOLD

Betty Bournazos, '42

Today there stands before us
A door that's opened wide,
A door that beckons you and me
To come and step inside.

This door for some may open
To riches and to fame,
But all may find an equal chance
To carve a noble name.

Fear not the world, oh students,
It's friendly as can be.
For 'neath that hard exterior
It welcomes you and me.

Standing on this threshold
We hope for sweet success,
For love and strength and honor
And years of happiness.

BARBARA AMSDEN

Secretarial Course.

Orchestra, 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club, 1.

Open, genial, friendly, kind —
Friends like these are hard to find.

JEAN ANDERSON

General Course.

Glee Club, 4. Transferred from Weymouth High School, 1.

Jean sets the record when it comes to singing;
Her clear voice sets our spirits winging.

S. RITA ARCANA

Secretarial Course.

Assistant Business Manager of *Chimes*, 4; Glee Club, 1.

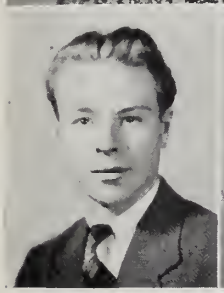
A laughing eye, a nimble wit,
A friendly heart, that's all of it.

WILLIAM AYER

Scientific Course.

Stage crew for school play, 4. Transferred from Cambridge High and Latin, 3.

"Whatever sceptic could inquire for,
For every why — Bill has a wherefore."



RICHARD L. BARNARD

General Course.

Class Editor of *Chimes*, 3; Class Secretary, 3; Football, 3, 4; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.

"Though he's young, he scorns to flit
On the wings of borrowed wit."

ABBIE H. BARNES

College Course.

Class Editor of *Chimes*, 2; Assistant Editor of *Chimes*, 3; Editor of *Chimes*, 4; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.

To be kindly, helpful, oft times gay
To be just herself, that's Abbie's way.

ANNE BARNES

College Course.

Glee Club, 1, 3, 4.

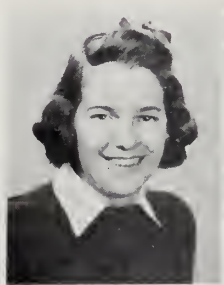
"Life's a pleasant institution
Let us take it as it comes."

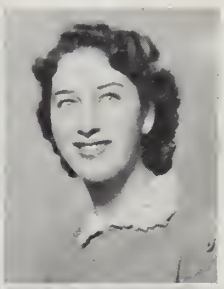
ARDEMIS BASMAJIAN

General Course.

Hockey, 1, 2, 3, 4; Co-Captain of Hockey, 4; Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club, 1.

"Demis." bonny, blithe, and gay,
Comes in smiling every day.





DOROTHY E. BATES

General Course.

Art Editor of *Chimes*, 4; Glee Club, 3, 4; Dramatics, 4; Scenery for Play, 4.

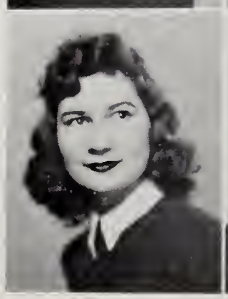
Days may come and days may go
But Dot always stays just so.

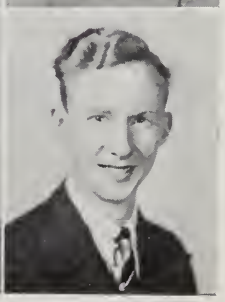
HERBERT E. BEARCE

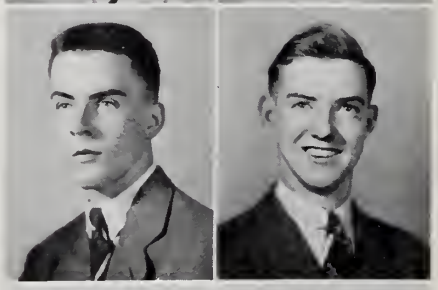
Commercial Course.

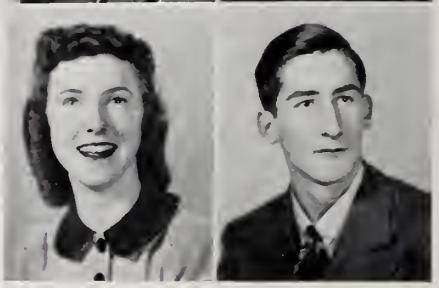
Glee Club, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra, 1, 2, 3, 4; Band, 4; Dramatics, 3, 4.

"On the stage he is natural, simple, affecting;
'Tis only when he is off he is acting."









GLORIA BONOMI

Secretarial Course.

Sports Editor of *Chimes*, 4; Hockey, 2, 3, 4; Co-Captain of Hockey Team, 4; Basketball 3, 4; Assistant Manager of Basketball, 3; Manager of Basketball, 4; Tennis, 3, 4; Glee Club, 1, 2; Property Committee of School Play, 4.

"Better to be small and shine
Than to be great and cast a shadow."

ELIZABETH BOURNAZOS

College Course.

Glee Club, 4. Transferred from Somerville High School, 4.

Happy, merry, full of fun,
Known and liked by everyone.

GEORGE BRESNAHAN

Practical Arts Course.

Vice-President of Class, 4; Football, 3, 4; Baseball, 3, 4; Stage Crew for All-School Play, 4.

"We grant altho' he has much wit
He is very shy of using it."

JOHN BROWN

General Course.

Football, 4; Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Baseball, 2, 3, 4; Dramatics, 4.

Tall and staunch, and with blond hair
An answer to a maiden's prayer.

JULIA BROWN

Secretarial Course.

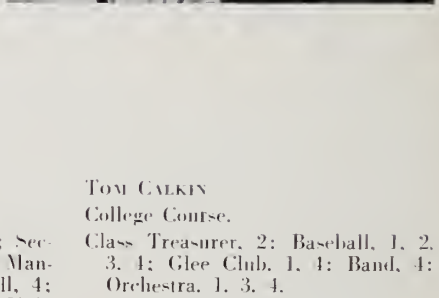
Assistant Business Manager of *Chimes*, 3; Business Manager of *Chimes*, 4; Class Secretary, 1, 2; Hockey, 4; Basketball, 3, 4; Tennis Manager, 3; Glee Club, 3, 4.

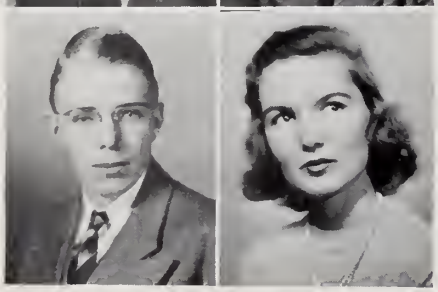
Sidy, a maiden young and fair,
A girl with a wealth of auburn hair.

THOMAS BROWN

Practical Arts Course.

A good and helpful fellow is Tom,
He'll help a friend out of any storm.





JERRY CAHIR

College Course.

Exchange Editor of *Chimes*, 4; Secretary of Class, 4; Assistant Manager of Football, 3; Football, 4; Baseball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club, 1, 2, 4; Properties, Class Play, 4.

In history class Jerry uses his might
In debating for what he believes is right.

TOM CALKIN

College Course.

Class Treasurer, 2; Baseball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club, 1, 4; Band, 4; Orchestra, 1, 3, 4.

In the orchestra Tom does play,
His music will carry him far some day.

LESTER CHADBOURNE

College Course.

Orchestra, 3, 4; Band, 4.

"Whatever he does is done with ease
In him 'tis natural to please."

JOAN COLE

Secretarial Course.

Sports Editor of *Chimes*, 4; Hockey, 2, 4; Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Soft Ball, 3, 4; Cheer Leader, 4; Dramatics, 4; Glee Club, 2, 3, 4.

Very dainty and demure
But with virtues that endure.

RICHARD DAMON

General Course.

Sports Editor of *Chimes*, 3, 4; Treasurer of Class, 3; Football, 2, 3; Tennis, 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club, 1, 3; Dramatics, 4.

His ready wit and cheery smile
Proclaim to all he's a friend worthwhile.

JANE DELANO

Secretarial Course.

"A face with gladness overspread
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred."

EDWIN L. DOLAN

Practical Arts Course.

Orchestra, 1.

A happy and cheerful boy is Eddie,
His car for a ride is always ready.

EVERETT DORR

College Course.

Class President, 2, 3, 4; President A. A., 4; Vice-President A. A., 2; Football, 2, 3, 4; Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club, 1, 4; Orchestra, 3, 4; Dramatics, 4.

With his eyes on the goal and his strength to the foe,
He will keep the sports moving where'er he may go.

DONALD J. DWYER

Commercial Course.

Baseball, 3, 4; Scenery of Class Play and School Play, 3, 4.

Don is gay, yet he is shy
And there's mischief in his eye.

GLADYS M. ELLMS

College Course.

Art Editor of *Chimes*, 4; Treasurer of Class, 1. Transferred to Virginia, 2; Transferred to California, 3; Transferred from California, 4.

A charming girl, a loving way;
Always friendly, always gay.

JOHN FITTS

Commercial Course.

Football, 4; Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Baseball, 3, 4.

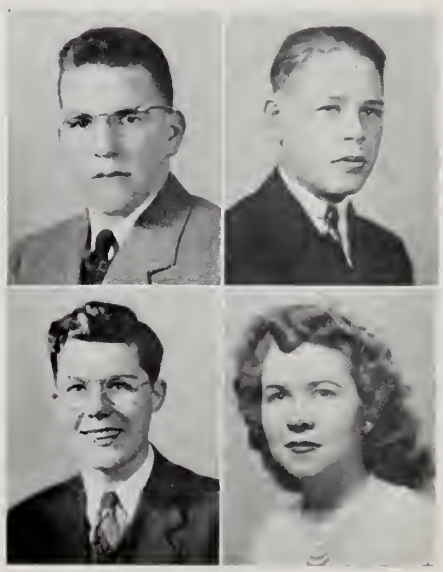
Although John is usually quiet,
Once started he can be a riot.

RICHARD FRANZEN

Practical Arts Course.

Basketball, 1; Baseball, 1; Stage Manager of All-School Play, 4.

"Men of worth talk little."



EDWARD GILCHRIST

College Course.

Vice-President of Class, 1; Football, 3, 4; Assistant Manager of Basketball, 3; Manager of Basketball, 4; Glee Club, 1, 3, 4.

With no cares to worry about
Eddie is happy, healthy, and stout.

BETTE HATTIN

College Course.

Literary Editor of *Chimes*, 3; Dramatic Editor of *Chimes*, 4; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3; Dramatics, 1.

"Hair is woman's crowning glory."

GLORGE HERSLA

General Course.

Tennis, 2, 3, 4.

A friend to all, and a friend worth while.

You never see George not wearing a smile.

E. JUNE HEZLITT

General Course.

Glee Club, 1. Transferred from Brockton High School, 1.

Always good, seldom bad;
Always gay, never sad.

JAMES HILL

College Course.

Football Manager, 1; Baseball, 4; Glee Club, 1.

He possessed an imp or two;
What he'd do next no one knew.

WILLIAM HOLLAND

College Course.

Class Editor of *Chimes*, 1; Class Treasurer, 4; Football, 3, 4.

"If the heart of 'Willy' is depressed with fears,
The mist is dispelled when a woman appears."

IRENE JACOBSON

College Course.

Dramatic Editor of *Chimes*, 4; Assistant Manager of Hockey, 3; Manager of Hockey, 4; Glee Club, 1, 3, 4; Property Manager Tri-Town Plays, 3; Property Manager All-School Play, 4; Dramatics, 4.

Though she looks so bewitchingly simple,
Yet there's mischief in every dimple.

MARY E. JENKINS

Secretarial Course.

Glee Club, 1, 3, 4.

Mary is social, gay, and jolly
With a little nonsense, but no folly.

CHRISTEL JONELLIT

General Course.

Glee Club, 1, 3, 4; Cheer Leader, 4.

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low,
An excellent thing in woman."

ELIZABETH KANE

Secretarial Course.

Literary Editor of *Chimes*, 4.

"A book in Betty's eyes shares the glory,
That in our eyes just remains a story."

BETTY LAVANGE

Commercial Course.

Glee Club, 1, 3, 4.

When we're down in the Glee Club room,
Betty helps disperse the unwanted gloom.

RICHARD MAHONEY

Practical Arts Course.

Basketball, 2; Baseball, 2, 3, 4.

Down at the Hatherly golfing green,
"Moe" is more than likely to be seen.

GLORIA MCCAFFREY

Secretarial Course.

Glee Club, 3, 4; Cheer Leader, 4.

"Little in stature,
But who can match her."

BETTY MCINTYRE

College Course.

Glee Club, 1, 3, 4; Dramatics, 4.

A live wire from start to finish,
Her wit and zeal never diminish.

JEAN MCKENZIE

Secretarial Course.

Cheer Leader, 2; Glee Club, 3, 4; Prompter of All-School Play, 4; Prompter of Class Play, 4. Transferred from Belmont High School, 2.

A sunny smile, a lively girl,
Laughing eyes and many a curl.

JEANE MERRILL

Secretarial Course.

Assistant Editor of *Chimes*, 4; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra, 2, 3, 4; Property Manager of School Play, 3.

When things go wrong and life seems a trial,
It helps a whole lot to see Jean smile.

ALFRED J. MONTANARI

Practical Arts Course.

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men."

BARBARA MURPHY

College Course.

Literary Editor of *Chimes*, 4; Tennis, 3; Glee Club, 1; Dramatics, 4.

A helping hand she's ready to lend
To anyone — especially a friend.

BEATRICE NICHOLS

Commercial Course.

Hockey, 3, 4; Tennis, 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball, 3, 4; Soft Ball, 3, 4; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.

In all kinds of sports Bea does excel,
She is a champ as we all know well.

MARIBETH NORTON

College Course.

Dramatic Editor of *Chimes*, 3; Literary Editor of *Chimes*, 4. Transferred from Northeastern Junior High School, Somerville, 2.

"It's nice to be natural
When you're naturally nice."

NANCY PARKER

College Course.

Glee Club, 2, 3, 4; Dramatics, 4. Transferred from Weston High School, 1.

"Very free and very frank,
But not averse to any prank."

LOUIS J. ROULEAU

College Course.

Basketball, 2, 3; Football, 4; Properties for School Play, 4.

"His friends there are many,
His foes — are there any?"

MARJORIE SLADE

Secretarial Course.

Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Cheer Leader, 4.

Where there's fun she's always in it,
Never still for half a minute.

JAMES W. STANLEY

Practical Arts Course.

When things go wrong and need repair
Jimmy is usually the first one there.

CECELINE STETSON

College Course.

Hockey, 4; Basketball, 2; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Dramatics, 4.

"The fairest garden in her looks,
And in her mind the wisest books."

MARION C. STODDARD

General Course.

Transferred from Roslindale High School, 4.

"She's blest with temper whose unclouded ray
Can make tomorrow cheerful as today."

HARRY F. SYLVESTER

Practical Arts Course.

Glee Club, 4; Orchestra, 1, 2, 3, 4; Band, 4; Stage Crew for Class Play, 4.

Surely when our Harry was born,
He was given the gift to play the horn.

WARREN SYLVESTER

College Course.

Orchestra, 1, 2, 3, 4; Band, 4.

A man of truth and worldly wise;
Who finishes well whatever he tries.

JOSEPHINE F. THATCHER

Secretarial Course.

Transferred from Norwood High School, 3.

A blithe little friend who skips around
And never is known to wear a frown.

ROBERT VICKERY

Commercial Course.

Football, 4; Band, 4; Orchestra, 4; Glee Club, 4.

Honest, and truthful, and gay is he,
Full and running over with energy.

H. JANE WHITTAKER

Commercial Course.

Assistant Business Manager of *Chimes*, 3; Manager of Tennis, 4; Glee Club, 3; Dramatics, 3, 4.

"A keen wit, a wise look,
And an answer for everything."

WENDELL W. WHITTAKER, JR.

General Course.

Football, 4; Basketball, 2, 4; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Dramatics, 1.

"For even though vanquished
He would argue still."

JAMES DACEY

General Course.

Football, 4.

Jimmy, so quiet works away,
He'll surely be famous some fine day.

STUART HANCKEL

College Course.

Football, 4. Transferred from Scotia High School, New York, 4.

His dusky hair and winning smile
Will surely take him many a mile.

THOMAS O'NEIL

General Course.

Tommie is good at gathering moss
While the rest of us are at a total loss.

GEORGE WILLIAMS

Scientific Course.

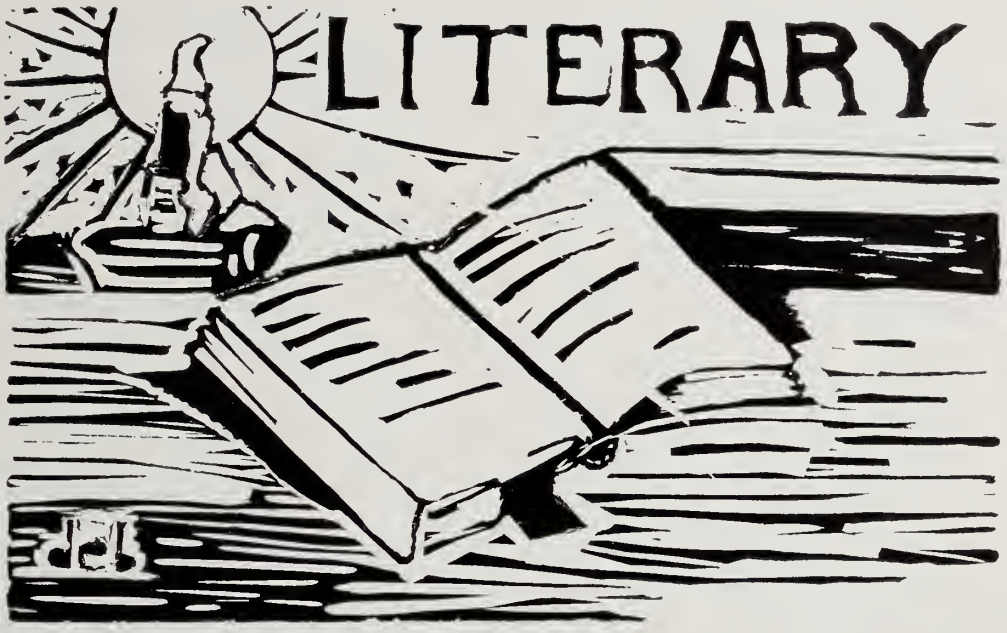
"And still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew."

WALTER O'NEIL

General Course.

Baseball, 3, 4; Football, 4.

Bowling is an art with Walter,
As in any sport, he does not falter.



EDITORIALS

WHAT COMES NEXT?

Abbie Barnes, '42

These spring days and the many opportunities waiting for us in the world today find our senior class ready and anxious to graduate. In a few weeks we'll be getting our diplomas, and then our numerous abilities will be used for various serious purposes. Some of us will go out to get jobs; some will go on to higher schools and colleges to prepare for business or professions; and many of the boys will be training to serve in the armed forces of the United States.

No matter where we may be or what we may be doing, all of us will be helping to bear the burdens of our government. Whether we go on to school, get jobs, or join the service, we shall all assume more and heavier responsibilities; and as citizens of a country like ours, we shall be proud to do our very best for it.

Come what may, we should all prepare ourselves for the tasks that will confront us, and make the best of the many opportunities that are given to us. It has been said that young people never realize until after they graduate how lucky they are to be able to go to school. Perhaps some don't, but in such hectic times as these most of us probably do realize it. Ever since we've been old enough to understand what was going on in Europe, we've been told that many young people our own age over there were deprived of the opportunities of getting a liberal education such as we may have if we want it, so that by now, we ought to fully realize the advantages of having a democratic government which is so liberal. No matter whether we are in the armed service, or whether we are a part of the national defense program, if we apply the results of our liberal education and work together, we'll help our country out of this turmoil.

As we come to the close of our high school years, we all have one thought and hope in our minds — that soon, very soon, peace shall prevail throughout all the countries of the world.

INVASION AND DEFEAT

Barbara Murphy, '42

Many of us have wondered how people feel to be suddenly overcome by a foreign nation, and how they are affected when they lose the freedom that they have been accustomed to for many years.

I have corresponded for some time with a girl in Holland. She is about my age, and is as proud of Holland as we are of America. I think she is typical of many people who have put up a stubborn resistance, but have finally had to yield to the enemy.

Before the invasion of Holland, she was very confident of Holland's defenses. She said that for a small country, Holland was well defended, and that they had flooded their lands so as to make Holland harder to invade. She even made fun of Hitler and of his shouting when he was addressing an assembly.

Then on May 10, 1939, war actually did come to Holland. She expressed her thoughts of war when she wrote, "Oh, Barbara, there is nothing so terrible as war." On one of the first days of the invasion of Holland, her family received a telegram, that her brother had been seriously wounded. She described very vividly the automobile trip to reach him through smoldering towns, dead bodies and fires — and then their disappointment at finding him dead — and the cross which stands over his grave with the inscription, "Here lies Martin Herman Kerstolt, fell for land and queen at the age of only twenty years." She herself barely escaped death when a stray bullet flew beside her head.

Now, as she says "it is a little more quiet" there; people have been rebuilding homes and towns, and starting over again under a new government. Her recent letters are of course censored, and they fail to arrive as regularly as before. She very cleverly avoids saying anything which the censors might cross out. She has mentioned Dr. Seyps-Inquart, their German chief. She has remarked that perhaps we felt things were worse than they really were, but in contrast to this she has expressed her desire to come to America. She has noted also that she wishes she could say what she thinks.

I feel that her thoughts concerning her country's defeat are typical of those of other conquered people. Certainly people who have been used to freedom as we know it, must find it extremely hard to suffer having this freedom removed. It is difficult for us in America to imagine losing our freedom. We should therefore be deeply sympathetic with these people, and work not only to secure our own liberty, but to win back freedom for all conquered people.

THE WAR EFFORT:
How It Affects High School Students

Edward Gilchrist, '42

At this time in the history of our country, the war effort is paramount in the thoughts of many high school students. We want to do everything possible to help win the war, but we want to do it sensibly and in the right way.

When Japan unleashed her treacherous attack on Pearl Harbor on December 7, the whole United States awoke from its lethargy with a start, realizing for the first time that war was actually upon us. Many of the senior boys wanted to enlist in the naval or armed forces immediately in order to do the most they could for their country. After the first frenzy of war had died down, however, everyone finally realized that they probably would be more valuable to the war effort if they stayed in school and got their diplomas. Then they would be better equipped to become efficient soldiers and better citizens of the post-war world.

The girls too were anxious to do their bit for their country, and wondered what they could do to help. Of course they couldn't join up and fight but they could help the boys who did do the fighting. All over the country women and girls by the thousands began knitting sweaters, caps, and other warm things and establishing community houses where the soldiers could get a bit of companionship and relaxation.

Now, however, since we've recovered from our first war time frenzy and are settling down to a steady effort for victory, we all must stop and think what we can do to help the war effort. There are innumerable ways to help, but here are a few. The boys can become assistant air-raid wardens or volunteer firemen; they can collect waste materials, a project which is both profitable and patriotic; and they can help during possible air raids by knowing first aid and other things that are necessary. The girls can knit for the soldiers and sailors; they can help at the U.S.O. centers and other similar places; and they also can learn first aid and what to do during an air raid.

Another thing that both boys and girls can do, as well as everybody else, is to buy defense bonds and stamps. The soldiers are helpless unless they have equipment to fight with, and the equipment is made possible by the dollars that we invest in defense stamps and bonds.

We all love our country and everything it stands for; so let us buy all the bonds and stamps we can and help in every way possible so that our freedom will be assured for ourselves and our posterity.

* * * *

Heard in Locker-room —

"Of course I wouldn't say anything about her unless I could say something good. And, oh boy, is this good!"

HOMEWORK A LA MODE

Frances Williams, '43

"GREAT invention, the radio." I think as I turn the aforementioned on, having already sharpened my pencils and collected my books preparatory to doing homework. I am hoping to hear some music, but no luck! As the sounds grow more distinct, what do I hear but someone extolling the merits of the corn cereal. "Korny." "Maybe the product is corny, but it has nothing on the announcer." I think savagely to myself as I turn the dial.

The sound of music strikes my ear. Hopefully I adjust the dial to bring the station in more clearly. This time I hear Anton Dvorak's "Humoresque" as played by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, no less.

Grimly I go on turning the dial. Soon I am given explicit directions as to how to get the most for my money by buying "Sud-z," the new improved soap for washday. "Buy some TODAY!" In this same harsh, raspy voice I hear the usual plaintive queries: "Will our friends return safely? Does Maggie Snoop find her lost lover? Listen tomorrow to 'The Life of Maggie Snoop' and find out."

With great disgust I turn the dial to yet another station. My ears prick up (figuratively, of course) as I hear Glenn Miller's orchestra. Blissfully I settle back to enjoy it and start my homework (never can do anything unless I'm listening to the radio). Now it's all fixed, not so soft that I have to make an effort to listen to it nor yet so loud that I have to make an effort not to listen to it.

Did you ever try to concentrate on "The House of Seven Gables" while listening to "In the Mood"? The picture of Hepzibah and Clifford hearing such music strikes my fancy. I chuckle silently to myself, still automatically turning the pages, but, strangely enough, missing half the story. I am brought suddenly back to my senses by a call equivalent to "Come and get it!" "Will I," I think, and fall half way downstairs in my frenzied attempts to get to the table.

Supper over, dishes done, once again I turn my thoughts to homework. Again I have the same difficulties with commercials. Why were they ever invented? That sounds like "I Love a Mystery" — I must listen to that. Nevertheless, I pick up Cicero, determined to do or die. Soon I have Jack and Doc fighting. Mithradates and Cicero all mixed up in a bear trap. So I leave Cicero where he is and turn again to Jack and Doc. After they have finished their exploits for another week, I try my luck with math.

Soon the telephone rings. I putt busily down, only to have some innocent soul ask how the math problems are done. I chase upstairs to find my math book, tripping over everything in sight, not to mention the things out of sight. Victorious, I again arrive at the phone. Not having the first idea how the problems are done, I sit down and start explaining, hoping the inspiration will come. As usual I end up taking the directions. "Math's all done," I sing triumphantly to myself.

Upstairs again I think, "There's an essay that really should be written tonight. It's two days late already; still better late than never." I sit down, pencil poised just ready to set my inspirations down. There's just one thing wrong. — I have no inspirations. Accordingly I think, "A few more days won't matter much."

Again I turn to the wireless. Just as another commercial comes on, I fall asleep. "Yes, yes! Great invention the radio."

SOUNDS

Maria Mansfield, '43

FOREWORD: With all due respect to Henry David Thoreau's appreciation of homely, woodland sounds, I give them a different interpretation. I have spent a day and a night in approximately the same surroundings that he describes.

* * * *

My house was on the side of a hill, a few yards from a beautiful pond, slightly stagnant to be sure, but covered by soft, luxuriant scum and encircled by slimy logs, briers, and small holly trees. The delightful stillness was punctuated by the sneezes of my brother, whose hayfever was irritated by the goldenrod, and the mournful but delicious sound of a dog, howling and barking at a squirrel that he had treed.

Thrilled by these delightful woodland sounds, I wandered idly to the shores of the pond. As I looked out upon its smooth, scummy surface, I heard a plop, as if a wet dish rag had been thrown in a dish pan full of soapy, greasy water. It was an entrancing little turtle with orange spots on its back. Continuing along the path that bordered the pond, I encountered one of the aforementioned little dirty wet dogs. As much surprised as I, he scuttled off in the bushes.

rattling them as he passed. Since the sound of leaves pushing and scraping against one another is as dear to me as is the sound of "Take Off Your Shoes, Baby, and Start Running Through My Mind" by Artie Shaw, I started to make my way toward the crest of the hill.

Pausing a moment on the way up, I looked back and surveyed my irregular path, which I had fondly imagined was straight as any Iroquois'. I had passed thickets of beautiful shiny thorns, which had emitted pleasant crunching noises as I struggled through, two patches of pine trees, which have a fond way of putting sharp, dry little twigs in your eye, and one delightfully moist, little swamp, which made pleasant sucking noises as I alternately put in and drew out my feet.

Continuing my trip up to the top of the hill, my feet squished and gurgled in my wet sneakers. Finally, reaching my goal, I sat down and looked out over the surrounding countryside. Sitting there, I was regaled by the melodious sound of my father, who had found out that someone had lost the keys to the car and who was exclaiming over how he was going to use the car if there weren't any keys*★#!?

Ah, what delightful sounds! I jumped to my feet and raced back to the house, eager to learn new and interesting phrases.

Arriving at the house, I heard the arresting but not unusual sounds of a family in an uproar, — drawers banging on the floor in search of the lost keys; a male parent ranting up and down looking frantically; the radio going full blast with "The Shadow" as a main attraction; the dog, who had forgotten the squirrel flying hysterically between everyone's legs looking for the shortest route between himself and a beleaguered rat — it sounded like home!

PRIVATE U. S. AMERICA

Rocco Foniri, '45

Why am I riding on this train? A voice from somewhere answers, "You're riding to a better land, you know, to protect the rights of mankind. You left home to join the fighting forces of freedom."

Riding on the train I fall asleep. Sleep, a deep sleep — and I dream of the past. I dream of the days when I was in my teens. I dream of the hills, of the fields I used to roam. I dream of the friends I left behind me. I dream of the days when I played baseball, football, tennis — when I was young. In winter I used to skate on the ponds that God gave man. In summer I swam the ocean, where the waters were as blue as the sky. All this I dream of the past.

As I awake, I see men my age about me — riding to destinations unknown. In their faces I see their hunger for freedom — the will to live, the will to die for the right we adore. Their eyes are filled with tears — memories of home.

We ride on and on. We see treeless, green valleys, large-acred farms, tilled for man's use. I get restless seeing land, sky, and field. My eyes get tired. As I'm about to close them once more, I see a large enclosed area, a well-built fort. I become wide-eyed.

I now get off the train. I rush to the truck filled with young men like me. We are taken to the fort that is to teach us of destruction, and the guards close the gates upon us. A group of men come over to the truck. The leader has a large tanned face. With grim determination I stand at attention, my heart beating fast. He tells us to go to be fitted for uniforms.

At last my ambition has come true. I shall be a soldier. — not to fight to destroy the right of living, but to preserve and protect the democratic ideals of the United States of America.

FLOWERS

Marjorie Hattin, '43

Of all the wonderous things there are
The flower surpasses all by far.

The rose that grows on bush and vine
Symbolizes beauty divine.

Daffodils in sunny array
Bloom at the dawn of each May day.

Then there are asters blooming in fall
Flowers that stand dark, handsome and tall.

The lily comes forth in purest white
To give itself for our delight.

Of the many others that we know
All give happiness wherever they grow.

* * * *

Dinner Guest to Mr. Atkinson: "Will you pass the nuts?"

Mr. Atkinson: "Yes, I suppose so, but I really should flunk them."

* * * *

Boy: "I think I've got a flat tire."

Latest Girl: "I think that makes us even."

TRAGIC DAWNING

Patricia McLean, '43

IT WAS a dilapidated street; census-takers described it as Hoodlum Center, and its appearance more than upheld its title. Never was there a busier little thoroughfare, with trucks, wagons, and horse-carts, ancient automobiles and bicycles perpetually humping along up and down the narrow space between the untidy sidewalks. Papers, cans, garbage, and all manner of filth stopped up the gutters and lay strewn over the tiny spaces of lawn in front of the tumble-down, three-storied houses. The broken steps and shattered windows, the grimy, scanty washes on the lines, the dirty, tattered curtains, if the inhabitants were fortunate enough to afford this luxury — all shrieked aloud of poverty in its most pathetic form.

Nothing but a dead-end road, but it wasn't so dead that the city folks didn't rise up and demand of the mayor that something be done about the condition existing there. The little urchins who inhahited the crowded, dirty flats were unsafe even on the sidewalks. The cause of the hustle in this insignificant alley was the dump a little to the left at the foot of the street. This was the destination of nearly every truck, wagon, and car that turned off the main road down this dusty way. As a mere matter of duty, the mayor had ridden past "the-street-without-a-name," glanced at the rows of forlorn-looking buildings standing like veterans of the last war, and gone on his way with barely a second thought about it. Three weeks later the only improvement was a shiny new sign at the entrance reading: "Not a through street."

Many an accident had been witnessed here. Just because the people were poor, the drivers seemed to care little whether or not they ran them down. At the dump where the little boys went to watch the big trucks emptying their loads, many a little fellow left, half-blinded by dirt which flew in all directions from the spinning, skidding wheels as the trucks backed up and turned around.

On that particular spring day, for spring dared to venture even into this foul place to try to brighten it up, a "Sun-kissed Orange" crate, rolling along on four baby-carriage wheels, mingled with the rest of the scurrying traffic. It dodged in and out among trucks and cars, missing each pair of wheels so closely it made one gasp, and yet ignoring the honking horns and curses of the motorists.

There were two men in this unusual contraption. You're wondering what two men were doing in an orange crate cart? Well, perhaps they weren't quite men yet, for the elder one had just recently arrived at the ripe old age of nine years. His face, however, appeared to be wrinkled and careworn by the furrows of dirt turned over by tears which had definitely not occurred within the past hour, for there was no trace of melancholy in his face at that moment. He had blond hair which looked as though it were comb-shy, and blue, determined eyes whose resoluteness didn't quite conceal the boyish humor and deviltry in them. His mouth was set in a tight, thin line, intent on steering, and when his lips parted in a too-infrequent smile, a perfect set of teeth was revealed. Despite his wishes to the contrary, a very pronounced dimple was visible in each thin cheek. Although he was scarcely more than a mass of skin and bones, defiance was stamped in every feature, and every movement of his skinny little body appeared to be a challenge to the world. This isn't a customary or a pleasant thing to see in such a little lad, but Laurie lived in a world where he had always been pushed around, and he had learned, even at this tender age, that the only way to get along was to push back. Laurie's companion on this ride was a boy two years his junior, a fact which automatically appointed Laurie chief order-giver and manipulator of the wagon. Their destination, along with that of all the others, was the dump, where they were going to make their daily haul. It was wonderful, all the interesting stuff little boys could fish out of the pile at the end of each day.

Having arrived at the dump, Laurie proceeded to back up, while his partner stood in back of him, frantically waving his arms and shouting directions. It was very realistic. With a little stretching of the imagination, one could almost see two rough men maneuvering a huge truck up the banking. This laborious task accomplished, the boys passed a solid hour rooting among the trash and selecting the choice articles. They loaded the cart with their treasures and started down the banking again. Not quite attentive to his driving now, Laurie turned his head to exclaim,

"Chee, ain't that a classy gun!"

And in that fraction of a second, four gigantic wheels, speeding backwards with murderous intent, crushed the sturdy little cart as if it were

a matchbox. The younger fellow, terror in his innocent eyes, tugged at Laurie's arm and succeeded in pulling him back over the edge of the crate, but he was only a little boy, and Laurie was too much for his baby strength, so he fled from danger. What followed next happened too swiftly for anyone to take in the gruesome details, but no one cared for details when they saw the man lift the crumpled, broken little body, lying so horribly motionless. The wasted, emaciated bones were crushed like so many sticks, and the dirt was covered with sickening blood. There was no longer a challenge in the blue eyes: they only stared blankly at nothing. The look of defiance was gone forever, leaving in its place a helpless, twisted grin, dimples refusing to vanish even in death.

Death!

Somewhere a hysterical woman screamed and the awful silence was broken. Sick at heart, the man slowly wended his way through the gathering crowd, the tiny wrecked form pressed to his aching chest.

The next week a new sign stood at the entrance to the dusty, busy alley. It read: "Road under repair."

Yes, the mayor had at last decided that this sort of thing couldn't continue, but it took the miserable death of the nine-year-old son of some wretched mother to make him realize this. Experience is a wonderful, though hard teacher, for with every lesson she brings a bitter dawning.

AS I SEE IT

William H. Ayer, '42

Everyone from leading diplomats to "drug-store cowboys" has had a crack at prophesying the state of the world as it will exist after this war. Therefore, I am going to put down a few predictions as they appear to me. In these days of attacks and counter-attacks, many of us live from day to day, hardly daring to think of the post-war world. A brief look at what we may expect in the years to come may help us, however, to fight with a more definite purpose in mind.

As I see it, the peace following World War II will not be an era of disarmament and reductions in naval strength as it was after the last war. Instead, the world will be dominated by one or two large powers who will keep the sea lanes open to everyone and insure peace to all. There isn't a doubt in my mind that the United States will be victorious in this war. I think we shall emerge as the most powerful nation in the world. Our navy will be unsurpassed; our army, the best trained and best equipped anywhere; and our ships free to sail the seven seas, trading with all countries on all continents.

On the other hand, I believe that England will lose a great deal of her power and prestige. India, Australia, and Canada are becoming more independent both in thought and action every day. When this war is over, one, and possibly all three, may break away from their mother country and become separate nations. The class distinction in England, and, in fact, in all of Europe, will probably disappear. This will be one big advantage that will be derived from the war.

On the continent, there will definitely be some changes made. Germany will probably disappear as a nation. The German race will not vanish, of course, but I do believe that it will never again be able to threaten our peace and security. If Russia, England, and the other nations of Europe don't see to this, we will.

As for the small countries of Europe, I think they will at least partially regain their former status. This does not, of course, apply to Italy and Austria, which will probably be greatly reduced in strength, if it is possible to weaken them any more.

The Japanese, I believe, will suffer a fate worse than that of any other nation. According to all rules of human behavior and decency, they certainly deserve neither mercy nor pity from anyone. They must be taught a lesson that they will never forget. How and by whom this is to be done makes very little difference, as long as it is done thoroughly and completely. The Chinese are the logical people to assume the leadership of this part of the world. I hope to see them take on that task after this war is won.

That is the post-war world as I see it. Dominated by the greatest government ever created by man, it will, I believe, be able to shake off the effects of this war and move on to new heights of freedom and peace.

* * * *

Miss Viues to Ancient History Class: "Who was the smallest man in history?"

Vaughn Deal: "The Roman soldier who slept on his watch."

* * * *

Mr. Stewart: "Vaughn, tell me what the prefix 'mag' means."

Jimmie Vaughn: "Big."

Mr. Stewart: "Then give me an illustration."

J. Vaughn: "I like magpies.

THE CAMERA BUG

M. Miles. '43

IT IS fairly well known by the cognoscenti that this high school is a popular stamping ground for that species of insect called "photos insecta" by the erudite, and "Camera Bug" by the unlearned. Indeed, it is said that this locality possesses all the qualifications necessary for the well-being of this most interesting bug: days containing sunshine, beginning with a sunrise and ending with a sunset; occasional fog; a few cloudy days; snow; wind; rain, et al. Since the climate hereabouts meets these exacting specifications so well, it follows that this species thrives remarkably. Authorities state that, unfortunately, it is in no danger of becoming extinct.

Let us then take our magnifying glasses and spend a day in the life of this amazing creature. Today, the conditions are very auspicious: there is a sunrise, and our bug is up before most of the other species of *homo*, all ready to go. On the front of the insect we see a curious contraption encased in a membrane and joined to the neck and shoulders by a narrow cord which has the appearance of leather. As we soon find, the membrane around the machine drops away ingeniously. The insect points his device towards the sunrise, and from time to time we hear mutters of "f.5.6., a hundredth, infinity, Super Plenachrome" and the like. This gibberish is accompanied by a metallic clicking sound. Experts have not been able to account for this. Some surmise that the machine which the insect carries is connected in some way with this queer sound. It is interesting, although tiresome, to attempt to make words out of the mumble-jumble ritual chanted before this strange noise. We notice that it is now almost eight o'clock, and as the younger of the species eat at approximately this hour, the creature makes a mad bee-line or insecta-line for his domicile, only stopping to make more clicking sounds at some birds. This process is repeated at the morning meal, during which several of the young of the species submit to the clicking. This noise, and the reason behind it, is as yet unfathomed, and a fortune awaits the man who unveils its mystery.

During the day, this operation is continually repeated. The machine is pointed at anything from a cloud to a math teacher, although the favorite subject seems to be any young female of the species *homo*, who undergo the process almost willingly.

At the end of the day comes a series of processes which are rarely witnessed by any except the creatures themselves. Masquerading as members of the species, several outsiders have been present at these ceremonies, only to have been unmasked and almost killed by the strange insects. This account has been pieced together mainly from the last gasps of dying men, who gave their lives that science might live.

A small number of insects (large congregations seem to be the exception) gathers in a small room. At a signal from the leader, the light is extinguished, leaving the procedure cloaked in darkness. Gradually, as one's eyes become accustomed to the Stygian gloom, one sees shadowy forms bending over one of the machines. It is opened and from it is extracted a thin, rolled membrane. Muttering mystical words, the leader leans over a shallow receptacle and solemnly dips into it the membrane, now stretched out. This operation is repeated twice more. Some assert that the third receptacle is filled with a 95% solution of sodium thiosulfate, called "hypo" by the creatures, but of this we cannot be sure. Several minutes afterwards the light once more shines. While regarding the membrane, held in front of the light, the insects give cries of exultation and ecstasy, and in some cases, we are told, groans of sorrow and disgust. After the membrane has dried, a process which sometimes takes as much as three hours, the creatures once more enter the tiny, darkened room. This time, part of the membrane, which astoundingly is said to have lines and spots upon it, is placed in a boxlike contraption along with some whitish paper-like substance. Then the light is snapped on, and while the box is held towards it, a chant ensues, sounding like "one chimpanzee, two chimpanzee, three chimpanzee," or "one thousand one, one thousand two," etc. Scientists are undecided as to the significance of this rite. Then the paper is removed and plunged into the aforementioned receptacles. It is then said that a curious image results, *being the exact opposite of the lines and spots on the membrane*, black becoming white, and white, black!

After this ceremony it is the custom of these bugs to carry the "negative" and "print," as they are called in the jargon, on their persons and to exhibit them to their fellow bugs in a boastful manner.

NOTE: We have learned that there was once

extant in this school a band of such creatures, under the outlandish name of "Camera Club." How great an opportunity for intelligent research must these amazing and educational insects have offered!

ON A LOCOMOTIVE

Theodore Holland, '44

In my estimation the most infernal machine ever invented by a human being is the locomotive or train. It breathes fire and smoke. From its ravenous-looking mouth exude noises that would deafen any ordinary mortal who had not got used to the sound. Although I have heard many argue in favor of trains, I still am not convinced that they should not be banned from the eyes and ears of the world forever!

As a child my native habitat was in such a secluded part of the United States that I never dreamed such a monster existed until I reached the "age of learning," namely, thirteen.

"Now it's time for you to see the world," announced my father, one crisp day in January. "Get your coat 'n' hat and we'll go see the rodeo." I complied without suspecting that I was on the eve of an adventure that I would not soon forget.

We tramped for two days, and on the morning of the third we sighted the settlement of North Scituate. I had made the acquaintance of automobiles before so they didn't bother me much; but I did get a sort of stiff neck while peering at the skyscrapers, some of which were four stories high!

Finally I heard what sounded like the howl of a wolf and the roar of a mountain lion combined into one. I sought my father for protection, but he said that it was only the train. It suddenly tore into view! I knew at once that I was gazing upon a dragon! Fire and smoke it breathed, all the while letting off hisses like a snake and roaring like a bull. A great crowd of people rushed forward as if to overpower the creature when it came to a panting stop, but they were all engulfed in its dark recesses. My father rushed along with the rest, and I was dragged after him. To my surprise I was not mangled and swallowed, but I saw a large chair and promptly sat in it. After a while the monster got under way, with many a creak and groan, and we were soon traveling at a terrific pace! A queer-looking individual in a uniform, not like that of the cavalry which I had seen before, came up to me and said, "Where's your fare?" Now I had always thought a fair was a sort of lawn party given in the summer by the local church in my community; so I said, "I don't know. I haven't seen one since last summer." Before I knew what had happened, I was lying in a heap on the ground, and the creature was disappearing around a bend.

Ever since then I do my traveling on foot and never venture near a train; and when I hear the far-off hoot of its whistle, I look to see if my rifle is primed and ready.

CAMOUFLAGE

Amalia J. Gillespie, '44

We in the world today are great users of camouflage. Though we may not think so, we use camouflage practically every day of our lives.

The women of the world camouflage their faces in pink and white masks, long black eyelashes, and glaring red lips. They camouflage their hair by permanent waves which are definitely not permanent.

Now, everyone camouflages his thoughts, for we in America today must keep our eyes and ears open and our mouths shut.

Many devices have also been made for the camouflaging of our armed forces — tanks of splotched green and brown for use in the woods, or soldiers in costumes blending with their surroundings. Even the ships have their faces lifted to meet the situation.

Nature herself camouflages many animals. White rabbits are equipped with a camouflage for winter by their very whiteness. The ostrich vainly tries to camouflage himself by hiding his head in the sand. The leopard is camouflaged for life in the shadows of the forest by being spotted. And greatest of all camouflagers is the mother kangaroo who hides her babies in a pouch.

Nearly everybody's home is camouflaged. Dirty clothes are in attractive baskets, garbage is in a pretty can, and in some places carpets camouflage the dirt.

Camouflage must be an ancient and honorable device with hypocrites for in the Bible they speak of "gilding the lily." In the famous book "The Inside of the Cup," Winston Churchill had reference to camouflage when he wrote of the outside that everybody sees, and the inside into which only a few souls may peer. The outside may be golden and engraved with many noble deeds, while the inside has never been washed.

We may feel quite certain that we have never done any camouflaging in the course of our lives. However, nature disagrees vehemently. As we see, camouflage is one of nature's oldest tricks.

LONDON BEFORE THE WAR

Frederick Veale, '43

FIRST visualize the little suburban town of Barking, with its brick instead of wooden houses. We leave my house and as there is no driveway, walk down a paved path through the front garden into the street. The sidewalk is now the "pavement" and the shop at the end of the road, a "sweet shop" instead of a drug store. Our drugstores are "chemists' shops" and sell medicine, hot water bottles and cosmetics. However, this little sweet shop sells "mineral waters" (tonic), candy, and Wall's ice cream.

We turn the corner and see a "fish shop" on our left, and next door a "greengrocer's." In the fish shop one can buy fried fish and french fried potatoes. They have compartment seats like those in the drugstore, and will serve with the meal tea and rolls and butter. You may take the fish and chips home with you, and it is nothing strange to buy a penny worth of chips.

The greengrocer's next door is a vegetable shop, where one buys vegetables and fruit. One thing is missing, and that is squash, for we never have that in England. The proprietor is a cockney who gives his prices in a typical fashion: "The 'taters—oh, tenner er pound, lady." This is sixpence or twelve cents, but then there is no uniformity in our money. The coins one wants to get rid of are threepenny pieces (6 cents), for they are twelve-sided and very cumbersome.

Just here we see a white sign with a red band: this is the bus stop and here we wait. The bus coming now is ours, for it is going to Marylebon. It is a two-decker bus with the top enclosed and painted silver; it is "petrol" (gasoline) driven and is coloured bright red. The driver is in a little compartment by himself, and at night pulls down a small "blind" (shade) behind him to stop the interior light reflecting on the windshield.

There is no door on the alighting platform at the back and no place for one's nickels. Instead, the conductor collects the money and gives a stamped ticket in return. The tickets are differently priced, and are stamped by means of a punch. We are going to Aldgate, and so pay fourpence, or eight cents. We go upstairs to the top deck and sit in the front seats to get a better view.

After leaving Barking, we are soon in Poplar, which is the East End, and where a family lives in a single room. Just past here is Limehouse, where mostly oriental people live. This district is so tough that the policemen walk in pairs and are armed, with a patrol car nearby. The East Side of New York is just as bad, but has more modern buildings.

We go on the "underground railway" at Aldgate, and here again there are no turnstiles for nickels. This station is very modern with massive stairways and white-tiled sides. Here we catch a train to Charing Cross, and after going down another flight of steps, catch the "tube," which is a smaller train. We go on the Piccadilly line to Piccadily Circus, which is not a wild animal show. As you come out of the tube, you ask me what all those women are doing around the figure of Cupid in the middle. We go over and they are selling violets in typical charwomen language and are pretty good salesmen. After walking around the rotary circle, we take the first road on the right and come to the well-known movie theatre, Dominion. On our left is Oxford Street, which is jammed with the usual amount of traffic. The large building with the great golden clock is Selfridge's which is extremely popular for sales. It is bigger than Stearns in Boston, and probably makes the most money of any store in London.

We now feel thirsty, and seeing a "milk bar" nearby, go in and have a milk shake. These milk bars are the first signs of the American soda fountains. We go into Hyde Park and see the cars driving through, while sheep graze on the grass on one side. In the driveway I remember once watching the coach of the Duke and Duchess of Kent as they went on their honeymoon. The escorting horse guards looked very striking on their well-groomed horses.

We enter Park Lane and see Grosvenor House. This hotel has a marvelous fairy-like ballroom, with soft lights, great mirrors and marvelously carpeted stairs. After admiring the old houses in the lane, we decide to go to Trafalgar Square.

Here we see a great column with four lions seated at the bottom, and the great Nelson standing at the top. Around this are four great fountains which are continuously kept going. The people who sell bread crumbs do a marvelous business, for the pigeons perch on one's shoulder or hand to eat the food. They are so tame that they will remain there, and prove a great attraction.

We walk towards Whitehall and Marble Arch with the great offices of the former on our left, we continue on under the arch, and at the end of the street in the dying sunlight stands the Buckingham Palace. This is a great symbol of the past as well as the present years, and shows how important the royal family is to England.

We once again make our way to the tube, and after a few stops are in Westminster. Here the first thing that greets us is friendly Big Ben, the great clock of London. We walk past it and come to the great Westminster Abbey with all its wonderful architecture. Inside, the altar amazes us and the choir's vestry is beautiful.

We haven't much time now, for we are going to see the show "Me and My Girl." The cast is headed by Lapino Lane (a very famous comedian in England) who made the picture "Lambeth Walk" with Sally Grey. He is a poor man who is suddenly left untold wealth, and an Earldom. He is admiring his robe when he trips and falls into the orchestra pit. Finally the whole cast do the "Lambeth Walk," and the audience go home very happy. We meet my cousin who has come for us in her car, and soon leave for home, although there is still much to see:—St. Paul's Cathedral, the Tower of London, the South Kensington Museum and the Mayor of London's Banquet Hall, to name just a few.

GETTING A JOB

Evelyn Vinal, '44

HERE he was at the corner drug store. Yes, sir, here was Howie to apply for a job. How should he go about it? Oh, well, I guess he'll know how when he gets inside. Here's hoping, anyway!

Slowly Howie opened the door and sauntered in. He strolled up to the soda fountain, supposedly to apply for a position.

The clerk came out and said, "May I help you?"

"I want — I want — I want, a coke," said Howie. This he demolished quickly.

He slid off the stool and walked over to a counter where necktie pins were being sold.

"You wish to buy one?" said the clerk.

"I—ah—I ah—I ah, yes, this one, please," stammered Howie. He carefully applied his new pin to his tie. "Looks nice," he murmured.

Again he started. "I uh—uh—uh—I wonder if you have any automatic pencils?"

"Yes, we have a number of them in many colors," replied the clerk.

"I'll take the red one," Howie replied.

"That will be two dollars and fifty cents," said the clerk.

"Come — come — come again?" stammered Howie.

"Two dollars and fifty cents," said the clerk.

"Well, you see, I don't happen to have it," said Howie.

"What?" asked the clerk.

"I haven't really," Howie said.

"Well, young man, we have just the place for you," replied the clerk.

"What's that?" asked Howie.

"Washing dishes," came back the clerk.

"Well, at least I got a job," said Howie. But what a job!"

Seagulls and the Ocean

Patrick Butler, '43

The seagulls over the ocean dip
And whirl and dip and
Whirl. Occasionally they dive
For a fish and even more occasionally
Catch one. But once in a very
Great while the fish are too big
For them and the seagulls are
Too weak and the big fish
Who are too big for them pull
Them under. Seagulls are
Foolish things. They ought to
Know better than to dip and
Whirl over the ocean.
But they don't.

UNITED WE STAND

Barbara Allen, '43

The people of our country
Stand united in peace and war.
Though we hoped for everlasting peace,
We know what we're fighting for.

Old Glory will always be waving
Over the land of the free.
For we will fight until we have won
Victory o'er land and sea.

Though the days and nights seem endless.
We should try to do our part
And pray for the lads who are fighting
From the bottom of our heart.

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Class of 1943

Audrey Barrett

LET the trumpets sound! We Juniors seek to spot our history upon the stage! The house lights dim, the whispering audience is hushed, and the curtain goes up!

Look-a-here, a mob scene no less! No, not in the true sense of the word — merely the Juniors out in full force to elect class officers and a faculty adviser. Bill Tindall, trumpet swingeroo, rises to be acclaimed as president of the class of '43 during the present year. Ah, one of our basketball stars is in the spot light! Richie Willett is officially installed as vice-president. A change of scene reveals the bustling workshop of our secretary and our treasurer, Joan Roulean and Martha Lavoine, who are busily engaged in doing all the things a secretary and treasurer should do. A loud noise is heard and someone rushes in, only to find it is a lusty yell of approval! Miss Vines has been elected faculty adviser for the year to come!

Sauntering into the study hall a crowd is seen gathering around the bulletin board. Report cards are out and the names of Marjorie Hattin, Maria Mansfield, Joan Rouleau, Frances Williams, Lillian Santia, Helen Stark, Martha Lavoine, Dorothy Secor, Matthew Miles, Fred Veale, John Wilder, and Bill Tindall are found to be listed on the honor roll. A little to the right are found the names of Mary Ann Evans, Marion Hill, Mary Lou Hersey, Audrey Barrett, and John Billings listed as receiving honorable mention. Well done, students!

Seen around are Genny Wilder, posed for one of her superb basketball shots — Bill Bradlee, in the absence of his drums, tapping away with his hands to some Gershwin tune — Pat Crowley on the hockey field scoring for Scituate — Marion Hill and Audrey Barrett out on the football field cheering for dear old Scituate High — Mary Ann Evans, Mary Lou Hersey, Pat Butler, and Bill Bradlee doing a good job in "China Boy" — Bob Hendrickson, Ray Brown and Ronnie Drew on the football field practising for Saturday's game — Jerome Walsh and Pat Butler taking candid camera shots of the school dances — Marjorie Hattin feeling pretty good about getting high honors (don't blame her) — Lillian Santia, Jean Wagner, Mary Quinn, Jerome Walsh, Robert Sylvester, Bill Bradlee, Bill Tindall, Pat Butler, and Don Sullivan heading towards the auditorium with their instruments for orchestra rehearsal — and the Juniors

(*Continued on Page 36*)

Class of 1944

Virginia Heffernan *Nancy Davis*

IN September the members of our talented class of '44 returned to dear old Scituate High for our second triumphant year. Louis Bournazos, a newcomer from Western Junior High School, Somerville, Mass., was elected president; "Ginny" Hyatt, who moved to Shirley in February, treasurer; and Arnold "Skip" Fuller and Catherine Peirce were re-elected vice-president and secretary, respectively.

The Sophomore Class was well represented in athletics this year. "Skip" Fuller, Frank Hall, Kevin Dwyer, and Jimmy Travers did a fine job fighting for the football team. The Senior Class may be able to boast of "Evie" Dorr, but we point with pride to our football hero, Louis Bournazos. With fellows like these playing we should expect again to win the South Shore Championship.

Not to be outdone, the girls also did a grand job in field hockey this year. Anne Jarvis, Laura Brown, Shirley Huntley, and Mary Mahar received hockey pins at a banquet given the hockey team at Hugo's. Jean Cole received her letter. Congratulations, Jean, for helping the team on to many victories.

In girls' basketball, players like Ginny Hyatt, Shirley Huntley, Katherine Whittaker, Jean Cole, Jane Evans, Joan Condit, Laura Brown, Marilyn Fisher, Nancy Davis, and Anne Jarvis did their bit in helping the victorious team win the South Shore Championship.

Even though we enter into many extra-curricular activities we also have many students on the honor roll. They are Marguerite Bartlett, Merilyn Damon, Fay Joseph, Merial Bonney, David Quinlan, Mary McCormack, Catherine Peirce, Lyman Preston, Theodore Holland, Robert Rouleau, Marilyn Fisher, Mary Queeney, and June Goddard, Shirley Huntley, May Eastman, Louis Bournazos, Nancy Davis, Richard Bresnahan, and Marietta Deragon have received honorable mention.

We couldn't go any further without mentioning Joan Condit, who was a hilarious success as the little "nuisance" in the school play "China Boy." Joan promises that when she is a great star on Broadway she'll give us all free passes to one of her performances. Let's take her up on that! Robert Gannett, Amalia Gillespie, and Betty Vickery also did well in the Christmas assembly.

(*Continued on Page 28*)

Class of 1945

Kathleen Brown *Anne Butler*

THE Freshman Class started their new year with two new members, Vaughn Deal from Winchester and James Vaughn from Hingham. Lucille and Barbara De Costa were welcomed back, but Lucille left soon after school started. Shortly after school started. Arthur Eaton moved away.

The Freshman Class chose as their class officers at the beginning of the year the following: president, George O'Neil: vice president, Robert Rencurrel: secretary, Emily Whittaker: and treasurer, Vaughn Deal. Mr. Samuelson was nominated class adviser.

A number of girls went out for the various teams. They were Anne Butler, Evelyn Arnold, Carmel Manning, Anne Page, and Emily Whittaker. Ann Page and Emily Whittaker were the only Freshman girls to make the first basketball team. The boys who went out for sports were Rocco Foniri, William Dacey, Gray Curtis, Robert Clapp and Arthur Eaton.

Carmel Manning was elected secretary of the Athletic Association.

A number of the Freshman girls attended the Sargent College exhibition March 28 at the Boston Arena. The girls enjoyed themselves immensely.

A number of the pupils from the Freshman Class took part in the Christmas assembly.

The committee from the Freshman Class chosen to represent them at the Freshman-Sophomore Social, which was held on March 20, were Anne Butler, Vaughn Deal, and Robert Rencurrel.

Those who have been on the Honor Roll are Ora Brown, Elizabeth Butler, Vaughn Deal, Richard Jenkins, Carmel Manning, Ann Page, Robert Rencurrel, Elizabeth Stark, Charles Stenbeck, and Emily Whittaker. Those receiving honorable mention are Kathleen Brown, Mary Fresina, Myron Litchfield, Thomas Macy, Kenneth Stone and Henry Zollin.

Two members of our class show great artistic ability. Ora Brown won two tickets to the rodeo in November and later on in the year she entered a country-wide contest and received honorable mention and a grade of 85%. Pauline Hardwick won two tickets to the rodeo also and first prize in a Massachusetts coloring contest.

(*Continued on Page 36*)

Junior High School News

EIGHTH GRADE NEWS NOTES

Stephen Jenney *Sally Whitcombe*

THERE have been sixty-six students enrolled in the eighth grade this year.

Marjorie Whittaker left for Florida during the year, but has recently returned.

8-B contributed the most money for the ship "Massachusetts."

In science, Miss Walker gave us a list of subjects to write about. The class chose different ones and made slides, colored or plain. When they were finished we went into the laboratory and they were shown to us on the screen.

In science, we are studying water. Some of the boys demonstrated experiments in the laboratory. Three boys, while experimenting with sulphur, almost gassed themselves and have been coughing ever since.

In the gym exhibition the girls had a ski race against the seventh grade. They went down the floor, turned around, and came back and helped the next girl put the skiis on.

Mrs. Wilder, who has charge of our cafeteria, gave us a helpful talk on how the cafeteria is kept clean and sanitary.

In doing indirect measuring in math, we went outside in groups of four and measured articles. Afterwards we drew diagrams and wrote up the measurements.

Charles Vickery has won two medals for good horsemanship, one at Cohasset Horse Show and another at the Hanover Show.

The Boy Scouts are taking an active part in Civilian Defense.

Joseph Fitzpatrick won the Caddy Championship cup at the Scituate Golf Club this summer with a score of 77. His brother Robert came in second with a score of 80. Joseph hopes to try for the State Caddy Golf Championship this summer.

Charles Fleming, Donald Hattin, Robert Holcomb, Stephen Jenney, John Litchfield, Helen McDonald, Madeline Riani, Barbara Tindall, Forbes McLean, Donald McPherson, Sally Whitcombe and Ruth Whittaker have been on the honor roll this year. Jean Hersey, Patricia Rouleau, Jean Franzen, Betty Ann Welch, and Raymond Barrows have received honorable mention.

SEVENTH GRADE NEWS NOTES

Terry Butler *Annette Milliken*

THERE has been an enrollment of seventy-seven in the seventh grade this year.

The football season for the seventh grade was very successful. There are many good football players in the seventh grade that may be valuable in the future on the high school team.

Basketball was a new experience for many of the seventh graders and everybody thoroughly enjoyed it. Some of the girls in our class were included in the Junior High School basketball team. Only one game was played away. The score was in favor of Duxbury, our opponents. Probably Duxbury will be invited to Scituate for a game next year. After our first game with Duxbury, a league was formed consisting of all the seventh and eighth grade girls who wished to join.

During gym periods in January the first ten minutes were devoted to First Aid.

The seventh grade with the Senior High Glee Club will have an opportunity to appear in public before the year is over.

We have been studying mathematical geography, which is about the Solar System. We also have studied weather, fishing, hunting domestic animals, mining of mineral, etc.

In mathematics we have studied circles, areas of geometric figures, fractions, graphs, and percentage.

History, this year, explained the beginning of early Americans in Europe, the exploration, and finally the settling of America and later historical events to the present day.

In art the seventh grade has made posters on the progress and defense of our country and on being kind to animals.

On December 8, 1941, the President's speech was heard on the radio in Miss Giles' room.

A gym exhibition was held before the Parent-Teacher Association in which quite a number of our class took part.

The seventh grade has organized a Better Speech Club in English.

We have made several booklets that have been based on our English work. The most recent was an illustrated patriotic scrap book.

Three people in our class received high honors this year. They are Terrence Butler, Patricia Cahir, and Donald Kennedy. Robert Devine,

Lawrence Dwyer. Rocco Frisina. James Goddard. Ligi Goddard. Jean Holcomb. Annette Milliken. Isabelle Murphy. Edmund Thatcher. Donald Waite. Christopher Weeks. Nancy Wyman. Cynthia Chadbourne. Constance Parsons. June Seitz. and Gladys Hill were on the honor roll. On the honorable mention were Eleanor Buchanan. Jane O'Neil. Deborah Andrews. Anthony Hill. Janice O'Neil, and Edward Soule.

WHAT GOSSIP DID

Daniel Yuhr, Grade 8

Bubbles Morgan was talking to Katie O'Neil about her boy friend.

"Gee!" Bubbles exclaimed. "Isn't it just thrilling!"

"When did you say he was leaving. Bubbles?" inquired Katie.

"He is leaving the day after tomorrow on the Alexander Hamilton bound for Australia." giggled Bubbles. "But don't tell a soul. This is supposed to be a secret." she added sternly.

"It must be wonderful to have a boy-friend as captain of such a vessel," Katie sighed. "and I wouldn't tell anybody he was going for the world."

All this time a sinister-looking character with coat buttoned. and hat pulled down. was listening. To himself he muttered. "Very interesting, girls. yes. very."

A week later a very sad Bubbles was again talking to Katie. "Isn't it terrible. Katie. and he was only one day out of port!" she sobbed.

Said Katie. "I wonder how the enemy discovered his position. It was supposed to be a secret."

A suspicious-looking character overheard the girls' conversation and chuckling to himself mumbled. "I wonder."

LIBERTY

Patricia Cahir, Grade 7

L is for love of country. dearer to us than gold.
I is for independence we are fighting to hold.
B is for bravery characteristic of our men.
E is for equality which here has always been.
R is for resistance which makes our army great.
T is for tolerance which we should cultivate,
Y is for the years ahead when peace shall prevail.

DIMES

Ward Swift, Grade 8

I may not be able to make things rhyme.
But you can be sure I'll give my dime
To help the best country on the map
And lick the Nippon or so-called Jap.

DO YOUR BIT

Raymond Barrows, Grade 8

The guns in the field
Keep them firing!

The planes that we yield.
Keep them flying!

The trucks that we build.
Keep them rolling!

Defense bonds and stamps.
Keep on buying!

Americans. lend a hand!
United we are.
United we'll stand.

Class of 1944

(*Continued from Page 25*)

We have many talented members in this year's fine orchestra. David Quinlan is a wizard at the clarinet: Virginia Heffernan and Catherine Peirce play the violin: and Arthur Anderson plays the trumpet: Merilyn Damon. the piano: and "Skippy" Fuller and Bobby Finnie handle the percussion.

Among the talented members of Mr. Samuelson's very promising band we have David Quinlan. Arthur Anderson. and Dick Bresnahan wearing those flashy uniforms.

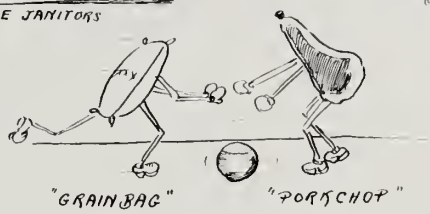
Naturally many of the members of our class already have their hearts set on plans for the future when they graduate from their alma mater. Mary Queeney. Marilyn Fisher. and June Goddard agree that a nursing career would be excellent. Jean Cole hopes for either a nursing or an undertaking career: and "Skip" Fuller plans to be a doctor.

Mary McCormack and Catherine Peirce want to be secretaries. Shirley Huntley hopes to be either a newspaper reporter or a foreign correspondent. Ethel Hollis wants to be a vocalist.

With so many interesting ambitions and talents, the members of our most school-spirited class should look forward to a very promising junior year.

Some of the Seniors will soon join the armed forces

THE JANITORS



"GRAINBAG" FITTS

"PORKCHOP" WILLET

AT THEIR FAVORITE SPORT

INCENDIARY BOMB

HIGHSCHOOL FIRE FIGHTERS

GEORGE "PEACHES" BRESNAHAN AT WORK

MR. WHITMORE

MR. WILCOX

DRAWN BY ALFRED MONTANARI '42

JAMES STANLEY'
U.S. HISTORY CLASS

BOYS' ATHLETICS

Richard Damon, '42

FOOTBALL

"All good things must come to an end." This old maxim is undoubtedly true, but the victory road of our high school football team still stretches unbroken although a look ahead shows many curves and obstacles and no doubt a dead end.

The team's record now stands at 12 straight victories and but one loss in the last 31 games. In the last four years only one touchdown has been scored through the first string line. The football team has also averaged 26 points per game to the opponent's 4 in this year's games. For four years Scituate has been Class D champion of the South Shore. This record is one of the best in the state and has been made possible by the fine football and clean sportsmanship taught to the boys by Coach Stewart.

This year the Scituate boys were again honored by a banquet sponsored by the people of Scituate. There were many well-known speakers and a presentation of gifts to the boys. All seniors received sweaters and all others received a letter and a beautiful gold football. This banquet was appreciated by all, and the boys are very grateful for the fine hospitality of the citizens of Scituate.

Many of this year's senior class have taken part in these victories and their graduation will be a serious loss to Scituate's football team.

Everett Dorr will wind up a brilliant high school athletic career this June, and he will be one of the few eleven lettermen ever to graduate. He has been a standout in all sports and was rated as one of the best triple-threats in the state. He will be a great loss to the teams of Coach Stewart.

Two other hard-blocking, tackling and running backs will graduate this year. These boys are Richard Barnard and Robert Vickery. Whenever an extra yard or two was needed, they were the boys who would make it.

Additional concern to Coach Stewart will be the loss of Stuart Hanckel, William Holland, Walter O'Neil and John Brown. These boys with their fine pass catching added many yards for Scituate, and when playing on the defensive they were practically impossible to get around.

At center was Jerry Cahir and at his side, Louis Rouleau. These boys received little fame for their fine tackling and blocking but without them we would have gained very little ground.

Scituate's tackles consisted of George Bresnahan, John Fitts, and Edward Gilchrist, all sen-

FOOTBALL TEAM

First Row: W. Holland, L. Rouleau, R. Hendrickson, A. Fuller, E. Dorr, R. Drew, F. Hall

Second Row: Manager J. Hill, J. Fitts, R. Brown, R. Vickery, Coach Stewart, W. O'Neil, J. Cahir, R. Zollin, Manager W. Whittaker

Third Row: G. Curtis, L. Bournazos, J. Brown, E. Gilchrist, S. Hanckel, R. Foniri, G. Bresnahan

iors. This is a position where one must have fight and spirit all the time and these boys had just that.

Without the careful managing of James Hill and Wendell Whittaker the team would have been lost, for it was these boys who made the team keep fighting all the time.

We must also praise the fine playing and great sportsmanship of the freshmen, sophomores, and juniors. Without their fine support we should probably have met defeat. However, these boys will get their recognition in a year or so.

Scituate's lettermen were as follows: James Hall, William Holland, Walter O'Neil, Louis Louis Bournazos, George Bresnahan, Raymond Brown, Everett Dorr, Ronald Drew, John Fitts, Merton Burbank, Jerry Cahir, James Dacey, Edward Gilchrist, Arnold Fuller, Rocco Foniri, Robert Hendrickson, Stuart Hanckel, Frank Hall, William Holland, Walter O'Neil, Louis Rouleau, Robert Vickery, and Roger Zollin.

This year's results were:

Scituate	20	Dighton	13
Scituate	39	Farm and Trade	7
Scituate	20	Cohasset	0
Scituate	25	Kingston	0
Scituate	(rained out)	Joseph Case High	(rained out)
Scituate	7	Hanover	6
Scituate	47	Marshfield	0

BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

First Row: J. Fitts, R. Sylvester, R. Franzen, R. Amsden, R. Willett, A. Fuller, W. Whittaker.
Second Row: Coach Stewart, E. Dorr, J. Brown, L. Bournazos, Manager E. Gilchrist.

Basketball

The basketball team's record for 1942 was 7 wins against 5 losses, a record not comparable to that of the football team but still satisfactory, with the team playing good consistent basketball and playing the game for all there is in it. However, the outlook for next year is much more promising.

The following boys made possible the Scituate High School victories: Manager Edward Gilchrist, Assistant Manager Buff Anderson, Richard Franzen, Everett Dorr, John Fitts, John Brown, Richard Willett, Wendell Whittaker, Louis Bournazos, Robert Sylvester.

The basketball results for this year were:

Scituate	25	Pembroke	26
Scituate	30	Marshfield	16
Scituate	19	Kingston	18
Scituate	21	Duxbury	42
Scituate	39	Norwell	33
Scituate	27	Hanover	23
Scituate	22	Kingston	32
Scituate	10	Marshfield	34
Scituate	36	Pembroke	23
Scituate	32	Norwell	29
Scituate	35	Duxbury	57
Scituate	33	Hanover	34

BOYS' BASEBALL TEAM

First Row: G. Burrows, T. Calkin, R. Franzen, E. Dorr, R. Sylvester, W. O'Neil.
Second Row: J. Fitts, G. Bresnahan, Coach Stewart, J. Brown, J. Cahir, R. Mahoney.

Baseball

Last year the Scituate High School baseball team won 6 games as against 2 losses. This is a very good record, but the prospects for a standout team this year are still better. Even Coach Stewart will admit this, although he has his fingers crossed.

The players who will lead this year's baseball team to fame are Richard Damon, Manager; Fred Veale, Assistant Manager; James Hill, John Brown, Robert Sylvester, Jerry Cahir, Thomas Calkin, George Burrows, Everett Dorr, Richard Mahoney, George Bresnahan, Richard Franzen, and Walter O'Neil.

Besides these experienced players there will be many newcomers.

This year's baseball schedule follows:

April	28	Tuesday	Cohasset at Scituate
May	1	Friday	Marshfield at Marshfield
May	5	Tuesday	Hanover at Hanover
May	8	Friday	Kingston at Kingston
May	15	Friday	Pembroke at Scituate
May	19	Tuesday	Norwell at Norwell
May	22	Friday	Duxbury at Scituate

TENNIS

Last year the Scituate boys' tennis team entered the South Shore Tennis League. However, the results proved fatal. Although the Scituate boys were playing their hearts out, the majority of the schools defeated them.

This year there is to be no boys' tennis team due to the present war conditions and the disbanding of the South Shore Tennis League for the duration of the emergency.

Last year's letter men were Elmer Burrows, Dana Condit, Richard Damon, Arnold Fuller, George Hersey, Elwin Lane, James Welch, and Richard Willett.

The results of last year's games were:

Scituate	2	Braintree	3
Scituate	3	Weymouth	2
Scituate	2	Hingham	3
Scituate	3	Weymouth	2
Scituate	1	Milton	4
Scituate	1	Braintree	4
Scituate	0	North Quincy	5

GIRLS' HOCKEY TEAM

First Row: J. Cole, J. Cole, M. Mansfield, G. Bonomi, Coach Vines, A. Basmajian, M. LaVange, J. Brown, B. Nichols

Second Row: P. Crowley, G. Wilder, F. Williams, A. Moffitt, J. Arnold, Manager I. Jacobson

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Joan Cole, '42 *Gloria Bonomi, '42*

HOCKEY

Hockey has once more proved its importance among the schools along the South Shore. This year a great many girls responded to the call for candidates for the '41 hockey squad. Practice started early, and the first team was chosen after much careful observation.

Our most difficult games were with Plymouth and Braintree. Hingham, which has been our most outstanding rival for the past six years, was defeated again by the girls of Scituate High School on our field. By unforeseen circumstances we only tied them on their field. At the end of our schedule Middleboro requested a game with us. We played them and came out with honors with the biggest score Scituate has had in years.

Alice Moffitt, Marion Hill, Pat Crowley, Gen Wilder, Jean Cole, and Joan Cole carried the ball down the field for goals to victory for the first four games, but met defeat at the end of our season against Braintree, Hanover, and Plymouth. High scorers for the season were Pat Crowley and Gen Wilder, who tied for first place with the score of seven points.

The first line all through the season was ably supported by our super-halfbacks Bea Nichols, Mariesta LaVange, Sidy Brown, and Frances Williams. Our goal was also well defended by the efforts of our small but fast Gloria Bonomi and her able partners, Maria Mansfield and Jean Arnold, and last, but certainly not least, our four-year star goalie, Ardemis Basmajian, who with Gloria Bonomi was elected co-captain of the first team.

The citizens of the town, headed by the mothers of some of our hockey players, celebrated an enjoyable if not altogether successful season with a banquet at Hugo's, which was a grand affair greatly enjoyed by all.

(*Continued on Page 36*)

GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

First Row: E. Whittaker, P. Crowley, B. Nichols, G. Wilder, A. Page

Second Row: Coach Vines, J. Cole, M. LaVange, A. Basmajian, J. Brown, J. Rouleau, Manager G. Bonomi

Basketball

After dropping the first game of the season to Pembroke, the Scituate girls raced through nine straight victories before again tasting defeat at the hands of Duxbury, and ended the season with 10 victories as against 2 losses to win the league championship for the first time since 1934.

Bea Nichols captained the squad and was high scorer for the team with 129 points. She reached her peak in the Norwell games, which were of major importance if Scituate were to win the league crown, scoring 19 and 21 points.

Ardemis Basmajian, for four years a mainstay at guard, had her finest season this year, covering the best opposing forwards and holding them to a minimum of points.

Gen Wilder, Ann Page, Em Whittaker, and Joan Cole, through fine shooting and passwork, gave their captain able support, enabling the team to run up the score in the majority of the games. Joan Rouleau, Mariesta LaVange, Pat Crowley and Sidy Brown formed a guarding combination that generally proved too tough for the opposing forwards to break through. These girls all received letters for their fine work during the season, and a victory party was given in their honor on Saturday, March 21, 1942. The girls, in addition to their letters, received gold engraved basketballs.

Gloria Bonomi proved an able and dependable manager, assisted by Maria Mansfield. The prospects for next season are unusually promising.

The season record is as follows:

Scituate	15	Pembroke	17
Scituate	18	Marshfield	17
Scituate	38	Kingston	20
Scituate	33	Duxbury	15
Scituate	29	Norwell	21
Scituate	32	Hanover	9
Scituate	20	Kingston	11
Scituate	10	Marshfield	18
Scituate	21	Pembroke	19
Scituate	34	Norwell	25
Scituate	18	Duxbury	21
Scituate	24	Hanover	18

Hockey

(*Continued from Page 34*)

The second team this year was very fortunate in not losing any games. They look like good prospects for the varsity of the coming year.

Field Hockey Results

Away	Plymouth	4-0
Here	Marshfield	1-0
Away	Braintree	1-2
Here	Hingham	1-0
Away	Kingston	4-0
Away	Hanover	0-2
Here	Kingston	4-0
Here	Plymouth	0-1
Here	Braintree	0-0
Away	Hingham	0-0
Away	Middleboro	6-0

TENNIS

With basketball over, naturally a girl's fancy turns to the thought of tennis. We hope the prospects will be as good as they were last year. The lettermen returning this year are Bea Nichols, Maria Mansfield, Gen Wilder, Barbara Murphy, Marion Hill, and Gloria Bonomi with Jane Whittaker as our manager.

There are many candidates who will be trying for the varsity team.

The following schedule has been planned and we hope we shall be able to carry it out even though transportation and equipment will present a problem this year.

May	5	Weymouth	Away
May	8	Braintree	Here
May	13	Hingham	Here
May	20	Braintree	Away
May	25	Weymouth	Here
May	28	Hingham	Away

SOFTBALL

Although we have no varsity team, softball has been of interest to many girls for the last two years. The following girls will provide good material for this year's team: Freshmen, Ann Butler, Carmel Manning, Ann Page, and Emily Whittaker; Sophomores, Marilyn Damon and Miriam Flynn; Juniors, Jean Arnold, Frances Conte, Patricia Crowley, Mariesta LaVange, Martha Lavoine, Joan Rouleau, Gen Wilder, and Frances Williams; Seniors, Joan Cole, Ardemis Basmajian, Betty LaVange, and Bea Nichols.

* * * *

Miss Vines, coaching here for the second year, has brought about increased interest in girls' sports. Last year we had a championship team in hockey and this year in basketball. Her excellent coaching ability and the keen interest of the girls have made a fine foundation for good sportsmanship and fair play.

Class of 1943

(*Continued from Page 24*)

as a whole feeling proud of the fact that one of our members, Matthew Miles, was winner of the third prize in the State Essay Contest, sponsored by the Massachusetts Federation of Women's Clubs on "Motion Pictures and National Defense."

Among the others are noticed the new additions to the class, Mary Quinn, Audrey Barrett, Don Appel, and Earl Watts.

Before the curtain closes, we, the Juniors, intend to put on a super-duper Junior Prom and give the Seniors a reception which will always be remembered as "one of the best times I've ever had."

Class of 1945

(*Continued from Page 26*)

The Freshman members of the orchestra and band are Thomas Chadbourne, Myron Litchfield, Gray Curtis, Ann Page, Charles Stenbeck, and Robert Rencurrel.

* * * *

A man was pegging along the street with a walking stick several inches too long for comfort. An inquiring friend said, "That's a nice cane, but you better have somebody cut a few inches off that end."

"That wouldn't help," the owner answered. "It's this end that's too high."

THE AMERICAN SPIRIT

Herbert Bearce, '42

I want to join the army,
  I want to join the fight:
I want to join the army,
  And help turn wrong to right.

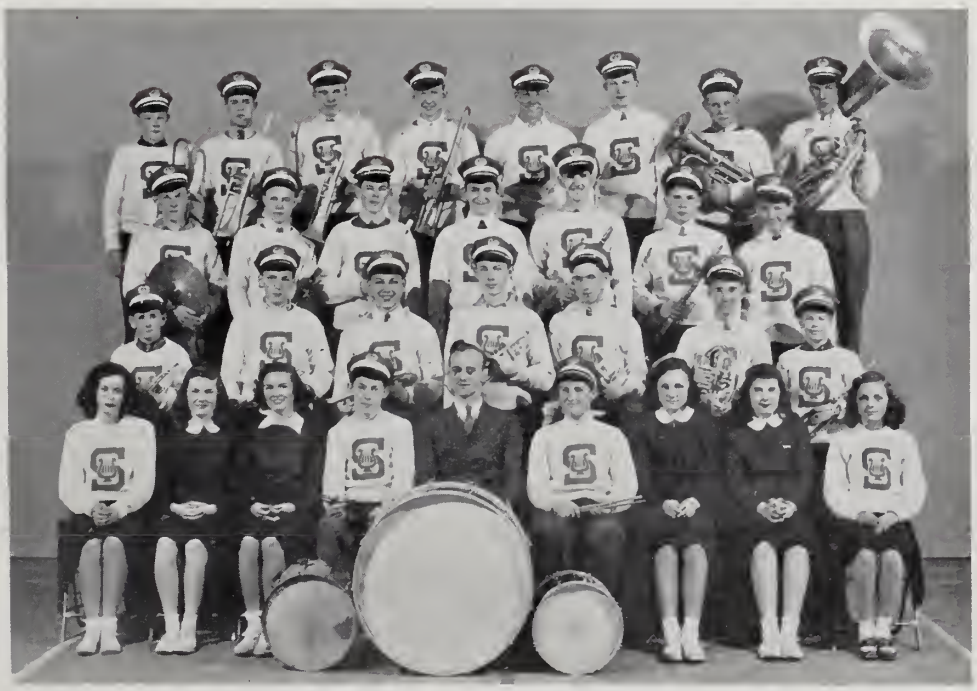
I don't want to be a hero,
  And get the Cross of War,
I'll be just another fellow
  To fight for the dream I saw.

The dream of peace forever,
  Through every night and day
When nations shall endeavor
  To live the American way.

We should all feel very lucky
  To live in a country like ours,
Where our friend is really our buddy,
  Not a spy of the enemy powers.

ORCHESTRA

First Row: M. Quinn, B. Amsden, L. Santia, P. Butler, P. Cahir, S. Turner, C. Peirce, V. Heffernan, J. Wagner. Second Row: J. Walsh, T. Calkin, C. Stenbeck, R. Rencurrel, R. Sylvester, D. Quinlan, Mr. Samuelson, T. Chadbourne, W. Sylvester, F. McLean, A. Page, E. Dorr. Third Row: J. Merrill, M. Richmond, J. Goddard, R. Bresnahan, F. Hall, H. Sylvester, H. Tindall, A. Anderson, T. Holland, H. Bearce, L. Chadbourne, M. Damon. Fourth Row: M. Litchfield, J. McCarthy, D. Parrott, R. Vickery, W. Hollis, A. Fuller, D. Sullivan, W. Bradlee, R. Finnie, G. Curtis.



BAND

First Row: M. Hersey, G. McCaffrey, J. Cole, D. Parrott, Mr. Samuelson, J. McCarthy, A. Barrett, M. Slade, D. Vaughn. Second Row: J. Goddard, R. Bresnahan, F. Hall, H. Tindall, H. Sylvester, W. Sylvester, M. Richmond. Third Row: P. Butler, C. Stenbeck, R. Rencurrel, R. Vickery, D. Quinlan, T. Calkin, R. Finnie. Fourth Row: A. Anderson, T. Holland, L. Chadbourne, H. Bearce, W. Hollis, W. Bradlee, M. Litchfield, G. Curtis.

ASSEMBLY PROGRAMS 1941 - 1942

Bette Hattin, '42

In order to vary the routine for the pupils, our school tries to have an interesting assembly each week. This year we have enjoyed many assemblies which were both educational and entertaining.

October 10, we saw a Kodachrome silent film entitled "Porto Rico—Where the Seasons Stand Still."

October 16, we had the pleasure of having Mr. William A. Reardon, from the Registry of Motor Vehicles, as our speaker on "Safety on the Highways."

October 23, two speakers from the American Bar Association debated on the subject, "Freedom of Speech in Times of National Emergency." As we have never had this type of assembly before, it was something new as well as educational.

October 28, Joe Mitchell Chapple gave an inspirational talk about the importance of the three "A's" ability, adjustment and achievement.

October 29, Mr. Bickmore, from the New England School of Art, spoke to us. He showed some fine works of art done by pupils at that school.

November 5, the Brockton Band played for us. They entertain us every year, and their concert is always enthusiastically received.

November 6, the Junior High were shown some Grenfell Mission pictures.

November 10, we had our annual Armistice Day assembly. Reverend Charles Wilson of Cohasset was our speaker.

November 19, the school took part in the football rally which put everyone in high spirits for the football game the following day. We also saw two silent films.

November 27, Mr. Pitt Parker, the artist and sculptor, demonstrated his skill for us and gave us some worth while philosophy as he worked.

December 11, we saw two silent films entitled "Marching with Old Glory," and "Saguenay Saga."

December 18, Leonard Guenther, who is now an American citizen, out of Germany only three years, gave us a very interesting, detailed account of his experiences in Germany.

December 24, Miss Rowell, the art teacher, put on a fine Christmas pantomime in which several pupils took part.

January 8, we had two silent films entitled "America Marching On" and "Men and Machines." We also had a Community Fund talk and pictures.

January 15, Mr. Lloyd Bemis showed us pictures called "Tulip Time in Holland, Michigan."

January 29, Mr. Merton Overing, from the Pitt Parker Agency, showed us colored slides of airplanes, accompanying his lecture, "Wings Over America."

February 5, we were shown two films from Burdett College. The second film demonstrated the right and wrong ways to apply for a position.

February 10, Mr. Frank A. Barber, from Springfield, spoke to us about "A Man With a Country."

February 19, Mr. Frank Shellanback, Coach of the Boston Red Sox, was our speaker. He showed us their latest baseball picture, entitled "The Ninth Inning," which was dedicated to Lou Gehrig. This seemed to be one of our most popular assemblies. Afterwards, the junior and senior girls were shown colored movies of Russell Sage College.

March 12, Mr. Karl S. Cate spoke about his experiences in Occupied France.

March 19, Mr. Stanley Osborne spoke and showed pictures of Australia, which was a very timely subject.

March 23, Mr. Ewing of the 4-H Club was the speaker.

March 26, the high school orchestra put on a fine program under the direction of Mr. Samuelson. Later the Junior High was entertained with a Hansel and Gretel puppet show.

April 16, the Hingham chorus presented a program of several selections for us.

April 30, Mr. C. Travis Jones from the Pitt Parker Agency, spoke to us.

May 7, the Fisher College showed us two sound films entitled "Aptitudes and Occupations" and "Private Secretary."

May 29, we had our customary Memorial Day assembly.

DRAMATICS

Bette Hattin, '42 *Irene Jacobson, '42*

On last November 14 an all-school play was presented entitled "China Boy." The following pupils were included in the cast:

Mrs. Parker, a somewhat harassed mother. Nancy Parker
Will Parker, her husband and principal of the local high school William Bradlee
Annie, their maid of all work Dorothy Bates
Bill Parker, their seventeen-year-old son. Howard Tindall
Selma Parker, their sixteen-year-old daughter. Mary Ann Evans
Bob Troutman, Bill's school chum. Richard Damon
Lulu Mae Robinson, twelve-year-old terrorist. Joan Condit
Charlotte Mack, a wealthy miss. Marylou Hersey
George Robinson, meanest boy in town. Herbert Bearce
Mark Willis, a young philosopher from China Patrick Butler

The play was about the Parker family and a popularity contest which Selma Parker finally won with the aid of her cousin, Mark Willis.

Miss Eleanor Gile coached the play. Miss Kingsbury was in charge of the costumes, aided by Katherine Duffey. The scenery was constructed by Mr. Sandberg with the help of Richard Franzen and George Bresnahan. The decoration of the scenery was done by the art students under the supervision of Miss Rowell. The sound effects were in charge of John Billings and William Ayer. Jean McKenzie was prompter. Gloria Bonomi, Irene Jacobson, Jeane Merrill and Amalia Gillespie made up the property committee.

THE SENIOR CLASS PLAY

The Senior Class selected as their play for 1942, "Tish," a dramatization of Mary Roberts Rinehart's stories. The cast was as follows:

Letitia Carberry	Nancy Parker
Lizzie	Irene Jacobson
Aggie	Barbara Murphy
Ellen Leighton	Jane Whittaker
Charita	Bette Hattin
Luther Hopkins	Everett Dorr
Callie Hopkins	Joan Cole
Charlie Sands	Richard Damon
Bettina Trent	Betty McIntyre
Sheriff Lem Pike	Herbert Bearce
Wesley Andrews	John Brown
Denby Grimes	Wendall Whittaker
Dorice Gaylord	Ceceline Stetson

The play was presented at the Scituate High School auditorium on April 17, 1942, at 8:00 o'clock.

(*Continued on Page 41*)

ALUMNI

Jeane Merrill, '42 *Marjorie Hattin, '43*

CLASS OF 1941

Doris Anderson is employed by the Telephone Company.

Edward Anderson goes to Massachusetts State College.

Betty Barber is working for Dr. Enos.

Eudora Bartlett is attending the University of California.

Elmer Burrows is a freshman at Boston University.

Jerome Crowley is in the U. S. Navy.

Edmund Duffley is employed at his father's garage.

Herbert Friese, Jr., is in the Massachusetts Nautical School.

Margery Herbert and Eleanor Jenkins work at the Satuit Playhouse.

Elwin Lane is a freshman at the University of New Hampshire.

Cornelia Leith is enrolled at the University of California.

Lawrence Mahoney is a defense worker at Fore River.

Eleanor McLean is employed in Pennsylvania.

Merrill Merritt is working for defense.

Alden Mitchell goes to business school in Brockton.

Dorothy Sylvester is working for Dr. Vinal in Norwell.

Pauline Sylvester is employed at a bank in Boston.

Robert Whittaker is in the Marines.

Douglas Willett has been named First Company Second Platoon Guide in the Naval Reserve Officers' Training Corps at the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

CLASS OF 1940

Barbara Condit is working at the First National Bank in Boston.

Jane Crowley is working in Boston.

Hope Gurney and Helen Poland are sophomores at Boston University.

Jeanne Hendrickson goes to Mary Washington College in Virginia.

Arnold Hewett is attending Harvard.

Suzanne Hill is employed by the R. H. White Company.

Miriam Litchfield is a sophomore at Lasell Junior College.

Rachel Merritt is working in the "Hide-a-way" in Boston.

Sherman Gates is a sophomore at Brown University.

John Girard is working in a defense industry in Connecticut.

Cora Brown is employed by the Liberty Mutual Insurance Company.

Philip Dolan is employed at Whittaker's garage.

Alice MacDonald is working in Boston.

Ernest Dorr is a sophomore at Boston University.

Charles Bearce is employed at the East Boston Airport.

Arthur Cross is employed as a chauffeur.

Barbara Curran is employed at Pinkham's Drug Store.

Mary Curran is working at the Scituate High School Cafeteria.

James Duffey is a chauffeur in Florida.

Marguerite Fleming is at the Stockbridge School, Amherst.

Robert Holland is working in Stoughton.

CLASS OF 1939

Margaret Peirce goes to Bryant and Stratton in Boston.

Joseph Driscoll is a sophomore at Masachusetts State College.

Eleanor Litchfield is Mrs. Albert Bellefleur.

Helen Westerhoff is in charge of a beauty shop, Scituate.

James Anderson is working in a defense industry.

Ellsworth Litchfield is employed at the Scituate Greenhouse.

Frances Litchfield is the manager of a garage.

Bernard McKenzie is at an airplane factory in California.

Walter Spear is working for the General Electric Company.

Marion Withem is employed at the Satuit Playhouse.

Senior Class Play

(*Continued from Page 39*)

This play tells of Tish Carberry's experiences trying to get close to nature with her companions, Lizzie and Aggie. Miss Gile produced the play with the assistance of the following groups:

Sound effects—William Ayer.

Lights—William Holland.

Property Manager — Dorothy Bates, with Jeane Merrill, Gloria McCaffrey, Jerry Cahir, and Louis Rouleau as her assistants.

Prompter—Jean McKenzie.

Stage Crew—Mr. Sandberg assisted by George Bresnahan, Richard Franzen and Harry Sylvester.

Costumes—Miss Kingsbury assisted by June Hezlitt.

Scenery—Miss Rowell assisted by Betty Bournazos, Gladys Ellms, Marjorie Slade, Marion Stoddard and Alfred Montonari.

Publicity and Tickets—Frederick Veale and John Wilder.

Ushers—Audrey Barrett, Nancy Davis, Jane Evans, Mary Ann Evans, and Marion Hill.

THE SLIDE RULE

John Wilder, '43

There is a little instrument
(Or sometimes it is big),
You push a rod with great intent,
And find you can do trig.

Now you just push and pull the slide
And try to take great heed.
To see if you can now divide
With all the speed you need.

You work so hard and nearly die
And try at last to see
If you can really multiply
Upon the scale of "D."

EXCHANGES

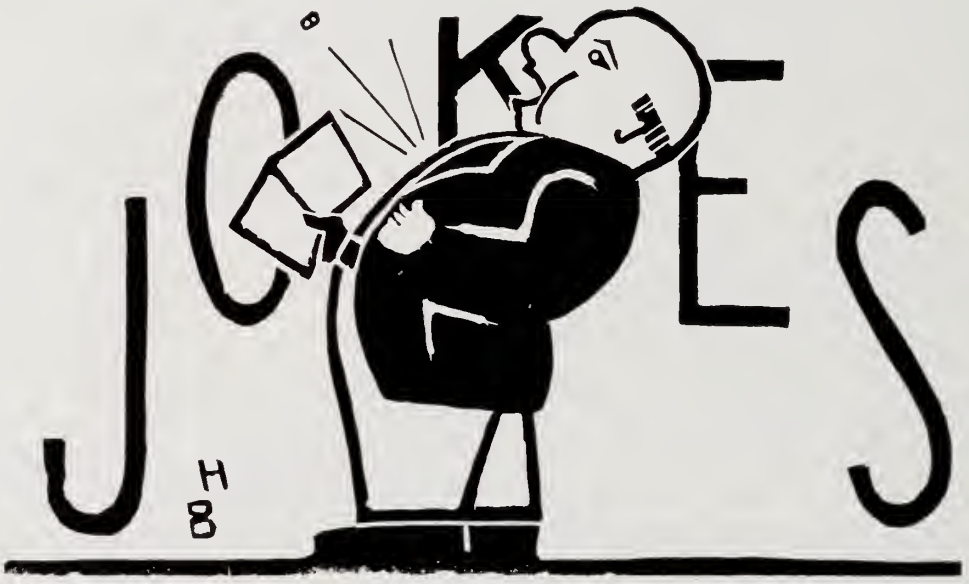
Jerry Cahir, '42

THIS year some schools are not going to publish a year book because of the shortage of printing materials caused by world affairs. Among these schools is our neighboring town, Cohasset. We were sorry to hear that the "Piper" would not be published because in the past we have found in it many interesting features. However, we hope that Cohasset will be able to resume publication in the very near future.

"The Clipper," the Barnstable High School publication, was received and was found to be condensed but well organized. It has many fine sketches and stories that are most interesting.

In past years an exchange of year books has been carried on with Hanover and Norwell High Schools. This year, however, their publications have not as yet been received.

The Christmas edition of "The Broadcaster," Nashua Junior High School, Nashua, New Hampshire, was received. Its short stories were particularly worthy of note.



Maria Mansfield. '43 *Mary Quinn. '43*

Sing a song of sulfide
A beaker full of lime
Four and twenty test tubes
Breaking all the time.
When the door is opened
The fumes begin to reek.
Isn't this a fine mess
To have five times a week!

* * * *

Mr. Stewart: "What, in your opinion, was the greatest achievement of the Romans?"

Punchy Swift: "I'd say it was speaking Latin."

* * * *

Cop: "Just how fast were you going?"

Nancy Parker: "I was just doing thirty-five, officer, when along came a gust of wind."

* * * *

Mr. Wilcox: "What is a liter?"

Pat McLean: "A liter is a nest of young puppies."

* * * *

Maria: "Have you forgotten the 60 cents I loaned you a month ago?"

F. Williams: "Not yet. Give me time."

* * * *

Visitor: "What weather! Does it rain here every day?"

West End Youth: "Oh, no — sometimes it snows."

A Bostonian was showing John Wilder around when he had first come to this country.

Bostonian: "This is Bunker Hill monument where General Warren fell, you know."

John (looking up at the lofty shaft): "Nasty fall! Killed him, of course?"

* * * *

Inhabitants of a Norwegian fishing village witnessed the forced landing of an airplane off shore. A fisherman set out to rescue the pilots but soon returned without them. "They were Germans," he explained.

"But weren't they alive?" someone in the crowd asked.

"Well, one of them said he was, but you know how these Nazis lie."

* * * *

Mr. Gillespie was asked if he had tried a new atomizer which is said to halve gasoline consumption.

"Rather," he replied. "It did all the makers claimed for it, and saved 50 per cent of my gas. I also bought a new carburetor which saved 30 per cent, got another brand of gas which saved another 20 per cent, and some special spark plugs which saved 10 per cent.

"Then, I took the car out for a test run, and I'll be darned if the gas tank didn't overflow before I'd gone five miles."

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